The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SPEECH OF JAMES REDPATH.

Delivered March 16th, at a Public Meeting held in Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, to commemorate the Martyrdom of Stevens and Hazlett, the last of the Harper's Ferry prisoners.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I believe in Mount Sinai and in Bunker Hill—in the laws of God and the Declaration of Independence. My faith in both is supreme and boundless. It recognizes neither race nor color, nor party lines, nor geographic limits. It extends to the South of 36° 30'—where all *Democratic* faith in Bunker Hill stops short. It is not "subject only to the Constitution" as judicially or politically perverted; and it owes no allegiance either to the principle of State, or of Popular Sovereignty.

Let us stand at the foot of Mount Sinai for a moment and listen to its answers as we ask of it our duty to the slave.

'That which is *altogether* just, shalt thou follow.' (Deut. 16:20.) 'Ye shall not oppress one another.' (Lev. 25:17.) 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.' (Lev. 25:17.) 'Render unto every man that which is just.' 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'—'All things whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do you even so to them.' 'Remember them in bonds as bound with them.' 'Execute justice in the morning and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor.' 'He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death.'

Surely these are the oracles of God!

Let us turn now to Bunker Hill and listen to its voice and teachings: 'We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are born free and equal and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

Surely this is the echo of the oracles of God!

Clearly, then, both as Christians, and as Americans, we are in duty bound to remember the bondman with a living sympathy—not to help him with our lips merely, from the teeth outward only, but with all our strength; with our political power and personal influence; with our purses and our pens and our tongues; and if it be possible—or when the fitting time comes—with our muskets and the muzzles of our rifles, also!

Thus sympathizing with the slave, and thus *believing*, I regard John Brown as a martyr to the right—and his execution as the murder of a devout and sincere man, *for the crime* of translating into action the moral teachings of the Bible, and the political opinions of the Revolutionary Fathers. I think that his invasion of Virginia was not justifiable only, but that it was preeminently a religious act—an act which God and his angels, and all good men in future ages will applaud; and that without qualification. That all good Americans do not yet fully endorse it, shows this only; that our early education too often perverts our moral vision; as, for example, when it teaches us to revere a Union, or a Constitution, the work of man's hands, and to forget to revere the sacred rights of four millions of human beings.

It is this influence—as I regard it—of a perverted education that has so widely disseminated the belief, that, although our instincts as Americans bids us sympathize with the slave, yet our duty as Christians, forbids us to use any other weapon than spiritual agencies—argument, denunciation, prayer, the ballot box and the Constitution.

I utterly reject this doctrine. That nonresistance to tyrants is obedience to God; for I believe, with the Bible, that 'the Lord is a man of war,' who orders us to 'resist the devil and he will flee from us.'

There is one beautiful saying in the Koran which I regard as true inspiration—as a gem of the purest water in that oriental marsh. 'God loveth the courageous,' says Mahomet, 'even to the shedding of blood.' Certainly all man—and all woman kind do. Garrison in thirty years of earnest argument and Bible-quoting and denunciation of oppression has not won one fiftieth part of the praise that John Brown extorted from the nation, by his holy work at Harper's Ferry.

With the only master I ever recognized in this warfare against slavery—Capt. Brown—I have little confidence in moral suasion as the *final* agency of freedom. Like Henry Ward Beecher when he was speaking in behalf of *white* men oppressed, I think that you might as well preach to buffaloes, as to Atchison, and Stringfellow, and the Southern traffickers in the souls and bodies of God's persecuted people. When, where, ever, anywhere, did moral suasion alone, accomplish a revolution in behalf of the sorely oppressed? What cared Pharaoh for the moral suasion of Moses and Aaron? Not a brick without straw cared he. But when Moses called forth the plagues, we are told that he let the people go. Did Moses preach peace only? Not a bit of it. He used physical agencies to effect the abolition of Slavery; and when the Egyptians pursued their fugitive slaves, instead of preaching to the Israelites, as Tom Corwin preaches to the Republicans, obedience to the wicked statute of the tyrant, 'until it is repealed,' he told them to pass over the waters, in order that the pursuers might be accommodated with that only right which we should grant to despots—a hurried and untimely grave! Untimely? I retract the word. It is never an untimely hour in which a despot is slain.

We are told by the Bible that the Almighty incited and applauded Moses in projecting and executing his great Exodus of slaves—in laying the track and putting into operation the first Underground Railroad that history mentions. Moses, like John Brown, invaded a slave country; like Moses, John Brown, I most truly believe, will be approved by the God of the poor and by all future generations of good men.

I need not glance over the various Books of the Bible to demonstrate to you that, as a moral agency, Jehovah has in every age ordered and sanctioned and sanctified war—not moral warfare only, which Whittier undertakes to tell us is the Christian's whole armor but war with spears—very much like John Brown's pikes—and other equally tangible and penetrating and convincing weapons. In no book, not professed military, are there more frequent and less equivocal approval of war, as a moral agency, than you will find in the Holy Scriptures. Either, then, the Bible is a lie, or war, for a righteous purpose, is justified of Heaven, and a Christian duty to those helpless children of God in this Confederacy, which Southern iniquity as it is enacted into laws, convert into articles of commerce and classify with the beasts that perish.

In profane history, where did ever talk only liberate the bondman, or, unaided by physical auxiliaries greatly advance the cause of freedom? Was Magna Charter granted to petitions? Was King John converted by peaceful arguments, or by the prayers or the votes of his people? Not he. It was not until their arguments were beaten into the form of battle-axes, that he took up his pen and signed the Great Charter of the freedom of England, and, by so doing, laid the foundation stone of American Republicanism. Was chattelism in England abolished by the peaceful progress of commerce and civilization alone? Let the memory of those brave men, so long and cruelly calumniated—Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, John Ball, and Jack Cade—reply. And if their answer does not convince you that physical force was an important element of English progress, call up the great shades of Cromwell, Hampden, Pym and the other statesmen of the Puritan Protectorate.

Is it necessary to refer to France? It is not necessary if I wished only to prove that young liberty must be baptized in the blood of despots; but it may be proper for another reason—because, namely, it is so often held up as a terrible example of the horrors of a physical Revolution against Tyranny. History needs to be re-written for us. All English historians have their studies in the observatory of Windsor Castle. When full justice shall be done to the Republican cause, our historians must go to Bunker Hill, and from that sacred eminence regard the actions of mankind. Then, and not till then, will the memory of the French Revolutionists be vindicated and revered.

Who among you have not been taught to regard Robespierre, and Danton, and Marat as demons? Yet I know nothing that they did which it was not their duty to liberty to do. To secure the liberties of England, it was imperatively demanded, that the head of a king should be flung down as a gauntlet of defiance to the allies of despotism by the friends of freedom and progress. They threw it down! and by this demonstration to monarchs, that a Dissolution of the Union between their heads and bodies was a possible event, it taught [illegible] of the people, and the integrity of their own windpipes.

In France it was necessary that a whole class should be beheaded, in order that their oppression of the people might be abolished. That class was the aristocracy. Hundreds—thousands—were guillotined. They were rich and had parasites of old families and had mourners of historic reputations, and had living biographers. Every time therefore that a head fell, a book sprang up; and thus the country, for half a century, has been filled with the dying cries of those cowardly despots. But, for centuries before, by hunger and cold, and unjust imprisonment and cruel laws, by arbitrary [illegible], thousands annually were noiselessly martyred that these despots might live in ease and have complete dominion. Their palaces were built on the quivering hearts of the people, which fearfully struggled and groaned and wept big drops of blood under the grievous load; and behind the gilded walls and rich tapestries of their roman chateaux, the star [illegible] babes pining for want of food, and mothers perishing from cold, and young maidens, pure in heart, driven into the Seine and streets, to save themselves from impending starvation. Like the forced and frightful laugh of the courtezan, the splendor of the Court and the Palaces of France, to him who looked wisely, showed how utter and complete was the moral wreck behind it. If never man said it before, if never man utters it again, here and now, with all my heart and in all sincerity I say—thank God for Robespierre! England was saved from 'the horrors' (so styled by the sycophants of despotism) and 'the terrors' of a civil war. What has been the result? Mark it well—in England, which has never been invaded by a foreign foe, since the days of William 'called the Conqueror;' in England where so-called peace and so-called freedom have walked hand in hand for many centuries; in England, which boasts of the most industrious race that the world has ever seen, on whose colonies and possessions and ships and rulers the sun never sets; in England, which boasts, and not wholly without cause, of its morality and Christianity and philanthropy—there is to-day more suffering by reason of excessive taxation, more involuntary prostitution, more agonizing deaths, from hunger and cold and want of shelter, more instances of suicides, and of crimes committed under the pressure of starvation, than in France, the hot bed according to the English historians, of Atheism, Infidelity and Anarchy; in France which, within the present century, has repeatedly seen hostile armies on its soil, and foreign conquerors dictating terms to its people in its Capital; in France which has neither the working energy nor the accumulated wealth, nor the extended empire, nor the lucrative commerce of England! This truth can be proved by statistics.

Again, we have the high authority of Thomas Carlyle, for saying that there was less suffering in France during the Reign of Terror, than during any period of similar duration in the centuries preceding. But it was the shrieking hundreds who suffered now, not the dumb millions as then. Yet I take it that the fate of the street-sweeper was as nigh to the God-Heart, as the condition of the Prince of the Blood.

Since the French Revolution, what dazzling or what glorious work of Freedom has been accomplished by moral suasion only? Has any such work been done in the United States? Reply—Bunker Hill; answer—Osawatomie; respond, ye mountains of Virginia.

Has any such work been done in South, or in Central America, or in colonial Mexico? Their history, like ours, say—no!

In Hyat? From the tombs of the white race there comes the mournful echo No. In Jamaica? In the British West India Islands? Yes! about the non-resistants; certainly in Jamaica moral suasion triumphed. The abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies was a glorious act, and the advocates of it were noble benefactors of the human race, but their work, and their character, and their triumph, in my opinion, has been greatly magnified. It does not require a very heroic spirit of self sacrifice to plead the cause of an outraged race, among a friendly people; when you have no prejudice of color or condition to counteract, and when you argue the cause of the oppressed in a way that does not threaten a pecuniary loss to those whom you are seeking to enlist in their cause. That is precisely what Wilberforce and his compatriots did. Wilberforce was a philanthropist but no hero—or only a carpet-hero; and no energy of eulogy or pertinacity of praise will ever place him on an equal station in the Pantheon of History with the insurrectionary *negro of Jamaica*—Sharpe, or our own Nat Turner, or, above all—because wholly unselfish, and disinterested—our unequalled Capt. Brown.

I love Wendell Phillips. Of all our living anti-slavery teachers, I listen deferentially to his voice only; but, reviewing the history of freedom, I proudly hurl back his sarcastic allusion to physical revolutionists as men on a lower and less effective plane of action than the moral suasionists, as believing in a 'creed of five points' of which I have forgotten two,—but of which the other three are, the fist, and poison and the revolver. Scornfully intended, I gladly accept these symbols of my faith. 'The fist;' I do not see that freemen can make a nobler use of their hands than doubling them up to knock tyrants down with. 'Poison!' Every one of you believes that God sent poison into this world of ours for some useful purpose; and if I were a slave mother, and saw my children sold, I am inclined to believe that I should be led to think that the fittest purpose that poison could be applied to, would be to sending slave drivers out of the world. 'The revolver!' It is the most efficient ally the Declaration of Independence ever had. George Washington, by his last will and testament, emancipated his slaves; and Col. Colt was sent to us to devise the best plan for executing and extending the patriot's behest. The time will come, and is rapidly approaching, when the free Black man in his prayer will thank God for Colt and his revolvers, and for Sharp and his breech-loading rifles.

Non-resistance as I regard it is the [illegible] ranked with the enforced celibacy of the monks, and the voluntary celibacy of the Shakers. But God punishes all such violations of His laws. Monks are irreligiously uncharitable in their creeds; Shakers live and breathe an atmosphere of most ungodly and uncomfortable sadness; and non-resistants cannot know the thrill of pleasure which the successful repulse of banded despots creates. What has been the greatest anti-slavery triumph of this age and country, or of any age and country—Hayti alone excepted? Undoubtedly the salvation of Kansas, and the ocean-bounded empire west of it, from the devastating grasp of Slavery. In that grand and holy achievement the non-resistants had neither lot nor part.

Every consistent American—that is, every one who has a living faith in the Declaration of Independence—and every consistent Christian—that is, every one who believes that the Bible is the inspired word of God—is bound to do his uttermost for the freedom of the slave. Every American and every Christian, also, must admit that the history of our Revolution and the histories of the Bible justify the use of physical force for the overthrow of Slavery. I have tried to show, also, that, hitherto 'moral suasion,' unaccompanied by physical force, has been inadequate to the liberation of the slave.

Hence, I honor John Brown, the leader of the invaders of Virginia; and equally do I honor Aaron D. Stevens, and his comrade, Albert Hazlett, who were murdered to-day by the Slave Power for attempting to help the helpless and lift up the down trodden.

I do not hold that we are all bound to follow their example step by step; for there is sometimes a conflict of duties that prevents us from carrying out some of our convictions into actions in the methods that we most approve. That man would be a coward who would leave a helpless woman and helpless children at home, to go and fight for the bondmen in Virginia. His charity must begin at home to be acceptable to God, but it must not end there, if he would have it pleasing to Heaven. Neither, if he is not thus withheld, must he rashly and without adequate preparation, draw his sword for the slave. His life is a weapon—God given—to yield in behalf of the oppressed; and he must not, at his peril, throw it needlessly away. Prudence when backed by courage, is a heroic virtue, as, when founded on selfishness, it is a base and unworthy instinct.

It may be suggested that a wise and worthy prudence might counsel us to stay at home—that, although in all times past, physical force was the most efficient agency of progress, the world, or our part of it, has at length outgrown it forever. Again, do I differ with Wendell Phillips, who has eloquently and often inculcated this idea. To refute it, I point South. Slavery exists there. Until the world outgrows *that* iniquity, it will never outgrow the necessity of physical revolutions. That fact, I think, is overwhelming and sufficient in reply.

Let me say here, that while I do not teach that all of us are bound by our ideas, irrespective of other duties, to fight physically for the slave, I yet hold that we are rapidly approaching the crisis when this necessity, on our own soil, will be forced upon us, or voluntarily and willingly accepted. Mr. Emerson recognized John Brown as a representative of the American Republic. I do not see the force or aptness of this, our great teacher's illustration. But in Aaron D. Stevens I do see a true representative of the North. I will tell you why, by stating when I saw him first, and under what circumstances I saw him last.

Shortly after the destruction of the Free State printing offices, and the Free State hotel at Lawrence, Gen. Winfield, the Democratic Delegate from Kansas to Congress—a person who was elected by the invaders of the Territory—started out at the head of three hundred men from Westport, in Missouri, for the purpose of destroying the Northern settlements, and arresting Capt. Brown and his company. One hundred and thirty of us, from Lawrence and other towns, encamped at Hickory Point, a wooded eminence, to offer him battle. We were discovered by the Federal troops; and both parties were ordered to disband. We moved off a few miles and encamped again. We were lying on the open prairie, covered only by the canvass of our tents, which were spread out and laid on the grass, in order to afford all of us an equal, although inadequate protection from the dew. We lay down in a row—our heads alone visible—our arms all primed and loaded for use, and our bodies, weary and stiff, concealed. We had not slept long, ere the sentinels roused us: '*The enemy are coming! To arms!*' We were soon standing, silent and eager, in battle-array. Soon, a faint rustling was heard; a long shadowy line, was seen approaching us. The rustle ceased; the line halted. One of our Captains went over and hailed the unknown party. Three hearty cheers from them, disappointed our expectations. Instead of the enemy we hoped to meet, it was the Topeka Company, of which Mr. Stevens was in command, who had come down to join us. I saw Stevens in that dim, gray, early morning light for the first time in my life—the leader of a body of men who hated oppression when it threatened to invade their own rights.

The last time that I distinctly remember of seeing him was many months later—where many a green mound marked the burying places of the bodies of our martyrs; when desolated districts, miles in extent, and dozens of ruined cabins and deserted hamlets and cornfields in flames, bore evidence of the remorseless, earnestness of Slavery. It was after our legislature had been dispersed by Federal bayonets; after our hospitals had been filled and filled again with wounded men; after Leavenworth had been purged of its leading citizens by the bandits of the South; after Ossawatomie had been burned to the ground, and its women ruthlessly outraged by the hirelings of slavery. It was also subsequent to the rapid series of victories achieved so gallantly and brilliantly by Gen. Lane's men, and to the grand and memorable slaughter of the modern Philistines at Osawatomie by the brave old Puritan, who recently went to Heaven from the gallows at Charlestown, Va. I [illegible] pistols and ammunition for the Free State men, which were accompanied and guarded by about 150 persons, of whom thirty or less were only women and children. The advance guard whom I had sent on ahead, encountered two fugitive slaves, whom they directed to my camp. I encamped one night on the Little Nemaha. Lane was then retreating to Iowa, with thirty or forty of his men. His work, for the moment, had been done. He and his men staid with us over night. In the course of the night the fugitives arrived in camp; and were brought to my tent where they slept till morning. One of Lane's men, the first in command under him, as soon as he knew that I had fugitives in my tent, came to me and asked me what I intended to do with them, and on being answered, 'to clothe them, arm them and send them to Canada,' he remonstrated, and urged that I should take them back to Missouri, and return them to their recent masters—in order to convince the people of that State that we were not negro-thieves, that we were fighting for squatter rights only, that we had no intention of interfering with the 'domestic institutions of our Southern brethren!' We argued the question long and warmly. I refused to yield and he went off angry. Next morning as he was galloping off, I hailed him and called him back, in a wanton spirit of frolic; and when he asked what I wanted, shouted—'Three cheers for Free Negroes and Fremont!' I think that he swore; I know that he wheeled and struck spurs into his horse; and that, rapidly galloping across the prairie, I saw for the last time, and soon lost sight of AARON D. STEVENS! I knew him to be honest and sincere and benevolent; and *therefore*, that he would yet be a true friend of universal freedom; but I confess that I did not expect, when he next appeared above the horizon, to see him sword in hand, at Harper's Ferry; or calmly awaiting death, with a heart overflowing with love for all mankind—with the moral heroism of Socrates, and the physical bravery of Leonidas—in the cell of the immortal jail of Charlestown.

As for the negroes, I armed them and told them as a sacred truth, that God had a tender love for all colored men who had the courage to run their bayonets through the bodies of slave hunters. They accepted the truth in a child like spirit of implicit faith, and are now—I have no doubt still firmly believing it—living in peace and freedom, in the Canada Provinces.

Now, in these two episodes of Stevens' life, the history of the North is illustrated. First, we see him fighting for squatters rights only—a mere champion of his own creed and class; and then we find him after having conquered the invaders of his own rights, pleading for non-intervention with the iniquities practiced by his recent enemy on another race. He had not yet got beyond the letter of the law of man. But gradually he caught a glimpse of the Divine Law; and, lo! gladdened by its heavenly rays, lured on by its glorious light, he bravely marches forth a defender of the defenceless, a man imbued to his heart's overflowing with the love of universal humanity. Thus is the North progressing. It has not got to Harper's Ferry yet; but, unless the South soon and radically changes its character and action, it will find itself seized by the throat ere long and shaken so thoroughly and efficiently that—it will need a new pair of pantaloons, I think!

Aaron D. Stevens is dead. His brave life was choked out of him for presuming, without asking Senator Mason's permission, to believe in the Declaration of Independence; and, thus believing for still further daring, (to use his Captain's word,) "to put that thing through;" or, in the words of God as rendered by Isaiah, for attempting to—'Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto *all* the inhabitants thereof.' Many of you knew him; shall he die in vain, and unavenged?

To those of you who are friends of the slave driver I have nothing to say—my duty is with men whose hearts are too large to be suffocated by the dust raised by party mountebanks, and whose gaze is too steady to be dazzled by the glare of the false and fatal splendor of the Despot's Court. To those of you who are ready to imitate Stevens, this only need be said: "Be prepared; bide your time; ere long you will be called." For I tell you, men of Ashtabula, that the strangling of John Brown was not the death of his cause; and that, ere many more moons revolve, the slave will be offered succor again. Six months before the blow at Harper's Ferry I stated that it would be made, and even indicated by whom; and again, I give the slave driver a solemn warning to set his house in order, for his doom is pronounced—'he shall die and not live.' Money will be needed to execute these plans of liberation. Those of you who approve it may aid it by your money.

But I do not think that many of you are yet prepared to go so far; while most of you, I do not doubt, are willing to do everything that is right and possible at home.

Believe it, here peacefully, without danger to yourself, you can still do much to benefit the slave. George Washington said that he hoped to see a Confederacy of Free States. Begin that work; start the free Northern Republic, the republic without slaves, with the stern determination that its southern limit shall be the Gulf of Mexico. Let the slave hunter know that here, in Ashtabula county, the wicked must cease from troubling and the weary fugitive may find rest; that death, summary and certain, shall be the lot of him, who attempts here to steal from any man, his God-given and inalienable rights. Refuse to advise fugitives, either white or black, from the tyranny of the Slave holder to seek a sure abiding place in Canada. Let them know that this, at least, is Free soil, inhabited by people Free. Bye and bye, if you stand firm, you will annex Ohio, and then the United States.

If there be any men here, who are known to be the voluntary spies of the Tyrant, let them be marked out as bye words, and a hissing and for public scorn; refuse to recognize them as your equals in social life, do not permit your children to associate with theirs; and neither trade with them, nor kneel with them at the altar of your God. I am told that there are such men here. If they [illegible] ered, and ignominiously driven out of the community. Let a manlier but infinitely more galling punishment be meeted out to such persons here.

I am told that there are clergymen in Ashtabula County, who refuse to utter one word of rebuke of that organized Anti Christ—American Slavery; from which, the direful spring of innumerable political woes, flows also every manner of sin and every species of crime.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"Remember those in bonds as bound with them."

Now those of you who support such spurious ministers of the Gospel of Christ as resolutely refuse to utter one word for God's children in chains; who remember every sabbath, to remember to forget to 'remember those in bonds as bound with them;' are persistently nullifying your principles by your purse, and encouraging a lie that calls itself a Christian church, and thereby only riveting the irons of the Slaves. The church that omits the Slave in its creed is not a church of Christ, but of the Devil rather, whose work it does and whose servants applaud it. Turn out such false teachers, ye friends of the slave, or come out of such synagogues of Satan!

As members of political Parties, also, you can greatly aid the Slave and the cause of freedom.—Most of you are Republicans. Refuse, resolutely, ever to obey party rather than principle. When the Politician seeks to abuse your confidence, and asks you to compromise with principle, by electing a candidate, whose chiefest merit is that he is not obnoxious to the enemies of the cause, let him know that you shall refuse to be made tools of, that, for example, you are utterly opposed to nominating Bates in order to obtain the good will of recreant reprobates whom the Democracy have neither offices nor use for; that, as the great advantage of a Republican form is that the ablest man can thus be chosen to the highest place, you will not consent to pervert its functions in order to conciliate any class or state or party whatsoever. Let him know that you do not subscribe to that catechism which replies to the question—What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to save the Republican party and to play 2d fiddle to the Slave power forever. Let him know that you hate the Slave Power, and have neither favors to ask of it, nor compromises to make with it; and that, if you elect any man to represent you, it shall be one who is not merely a two legged animal without feathers, but a man—not made of putty nor with a spine of cotton, but a backbone of unyielding fabric and an upper lip of uncommon inflexibility.

I have great faith in the Western Reserve. It sprung up in the far Southern States, where, if the people know little else, they do know that in the North, there are three places at least—New York, Boston, and Ashtabula County. Long may you, citizens of Ashtabula, preserve the enviable distinction of being noted, where Slavery is strongest, as one of the foremost of its foes. Long may this be in very deed the Western Reserve—a section reserved solely for free men and free speech and as a sure abiding place for the fugitives from slavery. And I have faith that it will be. The rising generation here gives bountiful promise of upholding the fame of the generation of to-day. I love little children and often try to learn how they think. I never had the good fortune to be a child, and therefore I am trying to atone for my defective education in young nature, by studying every child I meet.

I saw a beautiful child the other day—a boy—and asked him what he would do when he became a man. He did not offer to define his position, 'subject only to the constitution,' nor say he would put himself right on the record, nor promise to try to save the Republican party, nor patch up the Union when John Brown's successor gave some future slave state the delirium tremens. Not he. But he had already learned that resistance to tyrants was obedience to God, and the corpse of a despot was the most acceptable sacrifice that a freeman could offer up to deity. 'What would you do?' I asked. 'Shoot Gov. Wise,' he said. That boy is my candidate for the Presidency in 1880—I only wish he was old enough to have his name presented to the Chicago Convention.

I will not tell his name, least he should hear of his chances, and suffer the sad fate of all Maple trees and nearly all the Presidential Candidates.

When a public man sees a chance of becoming President, it effects him as tapping effects maples—all the sweet runs out of him. Even legislative honors takes all the virtue out of some men.

When Kentucky and Tennessee were kicking out of their states every man who preferred freedom to the commerce in human beings, the Legislature of Ohio, we all know, so far forgot what was due to the interests of freedom, and the dignity of the North, as to invite their representatives to Columbus, to have a drunken spree.—What an insult to their constituents! I have heard that petitions are now circulating, asking the Governor to appoint a day of prayer and fasting for the humiliation. It is too late. Such Legislature are past paying for. If any religious services are to be performed for them, let masses be said for their departed souls.

I have detained you too long, but I cannot close without noticing one feature of your community, which is peculiar, almost, and infinitely praiseworthy. It is that the women here equally with men, so far as I have seen, have a living and earnest interest in the cause of freedom. It is a glorious sign of the times and one full of hope for the oppressed. South, the women are more ultra in their devotion to slavery than the men, although they, more than men, suffer from it in their every relation: as daughters, wives and mothers. With three brief contrasts of representative women, I will release and relieve you. The first woman, Pocahontas by name, a pagan, among pagans, two centuries ago, prompted by her truly womanly and therefore noble nature, flung herself between the scalping knife of her kindred and a foreign invader of Virginia, and eloquently plead with them to save his life. Her heroism was [illegible] and woman—Miss Foulke, they call her—saw a band of her kindred, young men of the first families, levelling their rifles to murder an unarmed invader of Virginia. She sprang between them and urged them, not to save his life, but to take him elsewhere. She did not want to have the carpet spoiled, she said. He was murdered. She represents the civilized woman as corrupted by Slavery. My third representative is a young woman of the North. She knew Mr. Stevens as a friend merely, and felt, as all who knew him did, a deep interest in his fate. It was suggested that she should go from the women of Ohio to try to save his life. She did not hesitate; but alone, unfriended, she went forth on her holy errand.—how vain, alas! we know,—to plead for mercy from the merciless, and justice from the oppressor. She represents Christian womanhood, as we see it here, God bless the women of the Western Reserve, 'who remember those in bonds as bound with them,' and God bless, and encircle with happiness forever, their brave and noble young representative, *Miss Jennie Dunbar.*

MISS JENNIE DUNBAR.

We notice that the Eastern press speak of Miss Dunbar as the 'affianced bride' of Aaron D. Stevens, whose public murder by 'the powers that be' of Virginia is now a matter of history. This is wholly incorrect. Mr. Stevens lived for several months at the house of Mr. Lindsey, of Cherry Valley, and there became acquainted with Miss Dunbar, who,—as was the case with every one who knew him—esteemed him as a noble friend,

'Just so much and nothing more.'

She went, at the suggestion of the numerous friends of Mr. Stevens in this County, to try to save his life. She visited the Governor of Virginia at Richmond, who—although supposing her to be the affianced bride of Mr. Stevens—had the brutality to accuse him of being the worst of John Brown's men, and said that 'he was sorry that he could not gratify her' by sparing his life.

Miss Dunbar also visited Mr. Stevens in jail, and reports that, on the morning of their execution, both the prisoners were perfectly cheerful. To the very last moment of their earthly lives they comported themselves with all the dignity and courage which we might naturally expect and hope for in the chosen friends of the heroic John Brown. They died as true defenders of faith ever should—without fear, or recantation, cheerfully, and with infinite faith in the God of Justice, who 'heareth the poor that cry;' and who will not fail to provide Mansions for those who, while on Earth, 'remember those in bonds as bound with them.'—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

CAPTURE OF AN ALLEGED SLAVER.—The brig Virginian, Capt. Lynn, of New York, an alleged slaver captured on the 10th of February, in the Congo River, by the U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth, has arrived here. She has no slaves on board. Lieutenants Brown and Tyler brought the brig here. There was a mutiny among the crew of the brig on the passage, but the mutineers were secured.

The Hon. Howell Cobb has formally withdrawn from the ring as a candidate for the Democratic nomination at Charleston. Mr. Cobb is a philosopher, and takes time by the forelock. Who will follow his example?

Translated for the Liberator.

MR. SEWARD.

FROM THE BOSTON (GERMAN) PIONEER, OF MARCH 8.

Motto: What honest and decided friend of freedom will say, 'Down with Brown! Hurrah for Seward!'?

On the 29th of February, in the Senate, Mr Seward moved the admission of Kansas in a speech which must be regarded as an authentic exposition of the policy of the Republican party and its prominent candidate for the Presidency, and which, therefore, deserves a close examination. We desire to follow its chief points in order, with some remarks by way of criticism.

Mr. Seward, with manifest solicitude, avoids representing slavery as an absolute wrong, or even as a barbarism and a crime,—conformably, of course, to his own individual conviction. He is content to let *others* speak about that, and, for himself, to point out the fact that, wherever slavery exists, by one party it is pronounced right and by another wrong. And even of this fact, he makes as short work as possible, since it is evidently no concern of his to make the moral question of right and wrong the starting-point of his presidential programme. For if right and wrong, slavery and freedom, be once placed in opposition, the consequences are inevitable, and result precisely in the 'irrepressible conflict' which Mr. Seward formerly proclaimed, and for which he has been so repeatedly attacked. This he formerly expounded in such a way that he showed explicitly the alternative: either freedom or slavery would one day prevail throughout the entire republic. He even spoke of the possibility of being obliged to seek an asylum in another land. Such an alternative is no longer to be employed at a time when the 'irrepressible conflict' has really performed its prelude, and thrown the presidential speculation as a stone of stumbling in the way. The *moral* question has become burdensome, and must, therefore, be transformed into an *economical* one. As a man and a *statesman*, one can speak of right and wrong, humanity and barbarity; as a *politician* and a *candidate for the Presidency*, one speaks of 'capital' and 'labor.' Before Brown attacked the slaveholders, it was possible to speak for freedom without risk of molestation; but now, because of the risk, the aim is to *pacify* for slavery.

To be sure, Mr. Seward gives sufficiently to understand that he is no friend to slavery, and also enlarges upon the fact that the 'Fathers of the Republic' condemned it, and that, through the Constitution, they made the slave a *person*, so far as the *federal* policy had to do with him, but *property* and a *thing* solely within the jurisdiction of the once existent States; but this whole display, because it evades the chief point of the speech, is so distorted and diplomatic, that even the slaveholders can no longer discover the so often quoted 'irrepressible conflict' between freedom and slavery. Spite of slavery, Mr. Seward is persuaded, that 'our institutions of freedom can not only be preserved, but their benefits also enjoyed with *contentment and harmony*.' He says this, although in the same breath he narrates the whole history of the discontent and discord which slavery has occasioned.

In order to find the proper ground for his conclusions and presumptions, Mr. Seward distinguishes not between freedom and slavery, Free States and Slave States, but between labor States and capital States. In the Slave States (which treat slaves only as property, ('capital invested in [illegible] the Free States, (which acknowledge and entitle the laborer a man,) 'labor thus elevated and enfranchised becomes the dominating power. It thus happens that we may for convenience' sake, and not inaccurately, call Slave States capital States, and Free States labor States.'

This new discrimination, which is retained throughout the entire speech, not only bears no mark of statesmanlike wisdom in itself, but is besides intrinsically so unauthorized, that it at once becomes absurd. The 'capital' invested in the slaves would be worthless, if the slaves did not 'labor'; so it is precisely the 'labor' that makes the power in the South. Yes, because there the laborer is valued just merely as a laborer, as a beast of labor, and not as a man, the true, naked labor, labor *per se*, exists at the South, and therefore there were better authority for styling the Slave States labor States, than the Free States. Mr. Seward might have escaped the difficulty of such an artificial distinction, very easily, if he had discriminated between *free* labor and *slave* labor; but then this would have brought him again to the irreconcilable opposition between the laborer and his master, between the rights of man and the plunder of man, between freedom and tyranny, and it is this very opposition that it is desirable to conceal, in order that the conservatives, who wish not to oppose slavery, may be won over to, or retained in, the Republican party.

On the other hand, the designation of the Free States as 'labor States' corresponds as little with the truth as the new invention of capital States.—The North would procure as little 'dominating power' by means of 'labor' without 'capital,' as the South by means of 'capital' without 'labor.'—Moreover, a manufacturer who employs a hundred workmen, and through their labor becomes of influence in the State, does no more work than a planter who employs a hundred slaves. Both are capitalists by the returns of labor, but with this difference, that the one pays labor with money, the other with the lash.

Without being a communist, one would have to laugh at that 'irrepressible conflict' which Mr. Seward seeks to establish between 'capital' and 'labor', if he were not forced to be indignant at the 'statesmanlike' unworthiness of interposing, in matters of such importance, an ingenious confusion of ideas, for the purpose of avoiding an uncomfortable 'conflict' of principles. Whoever wishes to disown such an attempt, must pronounce Seward's distinctions a play upon words, as unnecessary as they are witless.

Of Mr. Webster, Mr. Seward says, that this 'distinguished citizen whose unquestionable devotion to the Union was manifested by his acquiescence in the compromises of 1850, had gone down into his honored grave.' So, Webster is regarded with honor, because he helped give birth to the infamous man-hunting law, and proved his devotion to the Union by disgraceful and treacherous compromises with the dealers in men! The same man now says this, who, a little while ago, assured us that 'the time for compromise is past.'—What compromise will such a man reject, when he becomes President? As for the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Seward gives it to be understood that, conformably to the Constitution, it can affect slaves only as persons, whence it follows that regular proceedings at law ought to be secured them; but his forbearance and conciliatory nature have no expression for the infamy of compelling free men, by law, to become slave-hunters, much less does he indicate that, if he were President, he would favor the repeal of the entire law. If the Constitution assumes that slaves escape as persons, it cannot establish that they must be delivered back as property; if they are so delivered, the North thereby acknowledges slavery in its own jurisdiction; and if it does not refuse this consequence, it allows everything to the slaveholders. If the clause of the Constitution which orders the surrender of fugitives from labor is to be adhered to, there is no other course than to entrust its execution, without any additional enactments, to those courts whose province it is to treat of cases of surrender, and these courts will, if they act logically, thus decide: The Constitution speaks only of fugitive *persons*; you consider the slave to be not a *person* but a *thing*, and so can only reclaim him as a thing. If you reclaim him as a thing, we reject your suit; for on free soil man ceases to be a thing, and we do not recognise him as such. But should you reclaim him as a person, as he is considered on free soil, you must not only show that he, as a person, has taken upon himself an obligation to labor, but you must also at home treat him as a person. If you do not do this, you have plainly committed man-theft, and we will let you be prosecuted and delivered over as man-thieves.

It might be objected to this reasoning, that the claimant can prove the obligation to labor on the part of the fugitive only by protesting that the same is a slave, that is a thing. But, certainly, it does not follow thence that a Northern judge, who is bound merely by the Constitution which does not mention slaves, is obliged to have anything to do with such a proof, or to admit its validity. The truth in the matter is, therefore, that no claims for the rendition of fugitive slaves can grounded on the directions of the Constitution, and that all 'laws' which makes such claims possible are falsifications of the Constitution for the gratification of the slaveholders, for the corruption of political morality, for the spoiling of the North, and the undermining of freedom. But he who committed such falsifications, and that, too, as a representative of the free north, can be in the eyes of Mr. Seward a 'distinguished citizen,' and 'go down to an honored grave.' Will Mr. Seward envy Mr. Webster his epitaph? It does not become a candidate for the Presidency to act for his epitaph, but for his friends.

While Mr. Seward allows the notable infamy of Webster to become his honor, he exposes to shame the infamy of the Democratic party with its Kansas policy, its subserviency to slavery, its Supreme Court swindle, &c., in a proper and forcible manner. Having done this, he holds up in contrast the policy of the Republican party, and limits it to the following, as the only fixed points: —the preservation of the territories, if possible from slavery and polygamy by constitutional means.

That the Republican party will also stand by freedom of speech and of the press, will pass a homestead law, &c., Mr. Seward, it is true, gives us likewise to understand; but since he himself acknowledges that, in the Senate, the slaveholders—thanks to the glorious Constitution!—have the majority, and since he wishes to settle everything in harmony and peace—yes, in 'a fraternal spirit,' while at the South freedom of speech and of the press could never be maintained without the constant aid of the army and navy,—it is not easy to see how far he is in earnest for the realisation of his programme, and what will be his ability for that purpose. The 'irrepressible conflict' will stand hereafter, as heretofore, at every one of [illegible] cross roads, where freedom and slavery, with their different views and institutions, encounter each other, and freedom will, as heretofore, be everywhere menaced with tar-and-feathers, bowie knives, revolvers and halters, while not an official bayonet is upon her side. And since this last does not and cannot anywhere happen, and nothing remains to unprotected freedom but self-help, may she depend upon her individual or entire forces, and be set to work in Kansas or at Harper's Ferry?

Mr. Seward, instead of recognising a right of self-help, at least here where not only the lawless mob, but also the 'legal' power, strikes down freedom, even seeks to quiet the apprehension of the slaveholders, that the Republican party, if it came to the helm, could attack slavery by unlawful, revolutionary means. The ghost of John Brown wanders round among the benches of the Senate, and the frightened dealers in men and the conservative Whigs wait with inquiring look to see whether the Senator from New York, whether the Republican candidate for President, whether the preacher of the 'irrepressible conflict,' will shake hands with the long bearded spirit, with stiff white hair, with bloody forehead, with piercing eyes, with the slave manufactured rope about his neck, or whether he will send it from him with a kick. And the preacher of the 'irrepressible conflict' understands the inquiries of all these worthy men, whom the 'murderer and robber'—the haughty candidate for the gallows—the gallant candidate for the Presidency calls 'capitalists,' and the candidate for the Presidency lifts his foot to practice mounting the Republican throne on the grave of the martyr of freedom, and thrusts back the old hero into his grave with his heel, in this way to render his homage to the gallows! *The foot of William H. Seward on the breast of John Brown—there we have the step to the Republican President's Chair.* Governor Seward arm in arm with Governor Wise—there we have the embodiment of the 'irrepressible conflict!' The brotherhood which the legislators of Ohio, and afterwards of New York, together with the dealers in men, toasted and desired so much, was the preface to the conciliatory speech of Mr. Seward.

'Conspiracy, ambush, invasion, force, sedition, treason, crime, disturbance of the public peace, death-stroke,' &c.,—these are the terms with which the panegyrist of the traitor, Webster, describes the deed of freedom's hero, Brown, who in the eyes of Mr Seward does not, like the father of the Fugitive Slave Law, 'go down into an honored grave,' although, rather singularly, 'generous and charitable natures' (with whom Mr. Seward, however, does not associate) give him the praise of acting from sincere convictions. The abusive names with which Mr. Seward seeks to brand the undertaking of John Brown, are of a piece with the vote which he cast in the Senate for the prosecution of the *hero's confederates*. What honest and decided friend of freedom will say 'Down with Brown! Hurrah for Seward!'?

Here we have the chief substance of Seward's speech. 'It is a speech for the house,' the White House, delivered for the threatening slave-dealers and the agitated conservatives, who have erroneously been accustomed to look upon Mr. Seward as an enemy. For the friends of a decided progress, the speech contained not a single fixed assurance, and of the violated rights of immigrants, it has not a word to say. This, especially, deserves a prominent notice, since the speech, which is put together with great skilfulness and dexterity, nowhere neglects to extend a friendly hand, when it depends upon that to pacify a conjectural opponent, or to retain a conjectural support. As far as the rights of immigrants are concerned, a nomination of Seward decides as little for them as for the abolition of slavery. If Seward should be elected, the chief consequences,—without regard to the dispersion of the Democratic party, which is of course affected strongly by the success of every Republican candidate, could be only these:

1st. A decent foreign policy; and,

2d. A weakening and enfeebling of the anti-slavery tendencies of the North.

Therefore we must, from a higher than the present party stand-point, to wit,—the revolutionary stand-point of the future,—hold fast to the opinion that a successful Douglas, the unconscionable representative of a destructive brutality, will be of more permanent service to freedom than a successful Seward, the diplomatic representative of conservative humanity. The optimistic conception of Seward, ostentatiously embellished,—according to which the ballot-box is to suffice as a means of balance between freedom and slavery, between humanity and bestiality in the national being, which, in spite of the so often extolled wisdom of its principles, has created the strongest bulwarks of slavery and bestiality, and in which the ballot box can, on every decisive occasion, be subverted, —does not hold before an accurate investigation of human nature, and an inquiry into the logic of events. We have not yet got so far in this country, nor shall we, without the abolition of Slavery, which has become all-powerful.

We confess that Seward's speech has caused us to lose much of the esteem which we formerly entertained for him. We have been through it twice, and have read it, too, with the calm inquiry of the politician, rather than the impassioned prejudice of a revolutionist, but we find in it neither the statesman nor the friend of freedom, for which Seward has hitherto passed. We know very well that, in the position of a practical politician on ground once defined, it is not allowable to say all that an unfettered journalist can say; and we ourselves should think it ridiculous to utter as a Senator what we write as Editor of the *Pioneer*. But it is always allowable to expect and demand of a man that, as a representative of principles, he shall merit confidence; namely, that he will never say or support anything that compromises his proclaimed principles like his character as representative of the same; that he will never make concessions to the opponents of his principles at the expense of the latter; that he will never let himself, out of interest to his personal position, be brought in conflict with his cause; that he will never, out of charity to the opponents of that cause, asperse its honest and decided friends, yea, martyrs; that he will not strike hands with the executioners of such martyrs; in short, that he will be consistent, firm and honorable. It does not always lie in a person's power to effect everything that he wishes, but he has always the power to hold fast to his principles, and to concede no jot or whit of them.

How far Mr. Seward has satisfied these claims will be clear to every one who reads his speech without party prejudice, and with a distinct love of the truth. The strife over Seward and Bates is, in our eyes not worth a straw, without an entirely different platform. Or shall we, in order still to repose confidence in Seward, regard him as a common trickster, who merely wishes to mislead his enemies till he gets into power? A trickster may be clever enough to believe [illegible] cunning. We are of opinion that 'honesty is the best policy'; how can we, then, esteem the best trickster the best politician.

THE UNION.

My good friend, the slave does not ask your aid. Take your awkward Yankee proportions, Republican or Democrat, out of the light, that is all he asks. Just tear that parchment to pieces (hisses and applause). Well, now, I've a great deal more patriotism than you have—a great deal. I believe that George Washington and John Hancock, and John Jay and John Randolph, I believe that when they sat and made that instrument, they intended what they say they intended—Liberty! (Applause; 'That's the talk.') I believe that if you could raise them to-day from their graves, and show them that speech of William H. Seward's they would say: Children, for God's sake, believe that we didn't mean it; tear our mistaken parchment to pieces, and do us the justice to believe that, if we could have seen our institutions so prostituted, we would have seen them annihilated first. I do not believe, with you, that they were hypocrites: don't I do them more honor than you? I say tear that parchment in tatters in honor of Washington (applause). Did you ever hear Edward Everett ring out with those clarion tones of his that favorite phrase describing Washington, 'that immortal rebel'? 'Well, John Brown of Harper's Ferry was just the same (applause and hisses). You see we don't apply our logic rigidly to the line; you can't bear justice and logic. But let me go on; I want to finish my argument. I was speaking of the influence of the Union. Why do I want to separate you from New Orleans? Why for this reason: I want to put you in relation to New Orleans just where Liverpool stands in relation to New Orleans. Just see the difference. The New York pulpit is one end of a telegraph, the New Orleans slave market the other. That ain't true of Liverpool. If I could separate New York politically from New Orleans, William H. Seward would care no more for the opinion of South Carolina than he does for Palmerston; *The New York Tribune* would think as little of Toombs or of Keitt as it does of *The London Times*. We should intermarry just the same; we should have the same religion, the same language, the same literature, steamboats running with the same frequency, the same interchange of commerce, but, comparatively, independence in thought. To-day, go into a factory village in New England, what is the pulpit? Only an appendage to the factory, only a rich man's kitchen; he pays the minister and turns him out when he don't like him. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I don't mean any disparagement. I trace my lineage back to Plymouth through an almost unbroken line of clergymen. I know the services the pulpit has rendered, but I know this, the best things my mother gave me were free lips, and I mean to use them (applause). A prostrate race lifts up its hands and says to us, White man, free man, give us at least the truth; it is the only hope and the only weapon that is left us. And I mean so far as I am concerned, that they shall have it. Now, if you enter the villages of New England, it is a melancholy truth, but it is a truth, that the pulpit is the vassal of wealth. I rode, as I came to you, along the railroads of Connecticut, and by my side sat a clergyman. In the innocent frankness of his heart he said to me: 'Mr. Seward's speech is an awful disappointment; I wish he had been bolder. If the ministers could only speak out,' said he: 'but the rich man won't let us.' And I looked into his eyes and thought, are you in fact the representative of the Gospel, of the New Testament. Do you sit with that unconcerned, confident frankness, and confess that your soul lies in your pocket? I honored him for his frankness; I knew he spoke the truth; I don't know that it can be altered. There is something in the organization of these institutions that seems to render it inevitable that wealth shall have tremendous power, and wealth to-day is joined to the will of the Slave Power. Your mercantile wealth and manufacturing wealth is the vassal of the Slave Power. Opposite it stands the New York pulpit, the second vassal of a vassal. I would separate New York. That is not true of Manchester and Lancashire; it is not true of Liverpool. If I could break the political bands that hold New York, she would leap up, like a fountain freed from a mountain load, and be a decent city. Free speech would not be trampled; pulpits would not be filled by dumb dogs that cannot bark; you would not be able to count up on your fingers the only firms that keep their goods for sale and not their principles; you would see an American merchant filling the same spot that the Englishman does in independence. I know the weight that New Orleans and Havana have even on Liverpool. Now, let me count up what I would gain by the breaking up of the Union. South Carolina would look into the eye of her slave and say, if he chooses to rise, I have not the means of resistance. That's what Mexico said, what the South American Republics said, and they freed him. Again, she would look into the eye of her unskilled laborer, and say: 'That way lies bankruptcy; if I want bread of the laborer, I have got to educate him.' How does all freedom come in Europe? Through the Gospel? No. Because Kings want a basis out of which to get taxes, and they say, we can't get them out of brutes, but out of educated men we can. Come into existence, therefore, art and trade—come Holland, full of art—come, Lancashire, with your looms: all bringing freedom with you. So South Carolina would educate her bondmen, freeing them first. Again, Kentucky would look across the river and say, There is Ohio—what is my slave property worth? Nothing. For some night the property will take legs and be absent the next morning. And then she would look to New York; and instead of seeing Rynders and Dr. Sprague, and Dr. Dewey, and *The New York Observer* (laughter,) he would see very different men and things here. You don't suppose any human being, even the meanest, gets down on its belly and eats dirt for nothing. No, indeed! It is full of the selfishness of the Yankee character; it is corrupted, and that is what I would save it from.

I know that I have not done justice to this subject—of course I have not! It can't be compressed into an hour. What I have to say is, that the Union is an arrangement of men. It is a machinery that our fathers have set up. It may be a valuable machinery, and to a certain extent I don't deny it. All I have to say is, that up to the present point it has secured neither liberty nor justice. Carlyle says that the great test of government is to educate men. Certainly. Daniel Webster said, with a great deal more epigrammatic terseness, the merit of the Colonies was that they produced Washington. The fault of the Union is that it produced a Webster (hisses and applause long continued). Well, it is a sad record. 'God gave us the heaviest brain that he lent [illegible] mother he took as much vigor of will as most other men have. He promised to have run a race of distinguished and useful statesmanship, imbibing from the New England atmosphere the broadest and most generous principles of Liberty. You sent him to the maelstrom of the nation, potent enough to swallow up virtue stronger than his. You added him to the list of all those that mark the pathway of the Union, the wreck of good reputations, the skeletons of statesmen who have betrayed their age. It is no matter of rejoicing.

One thing why I regret the Union so vastly is that it makes the saddest record of the statesmanship of our generation and the last. The Union—allow it all its merits; the question is, is there not something more valuable, to-day? Our best statesman, our foremost, he is obliged by the necessities of his position to say, for instance, that John Brown was a criminal, and justly hung. Lay that record by the side of Mr. Seward's best speeches. It don't cohere. What hope have you for the future? It is in the struggle of public opinion. How can it be created? Slowly, by the preaching of rigid right and wrong. How can I create the public opinion adequate to beat down the Slave Power? Only by laying down the most absolute principles of right—only by ignoring color—only by asserting that slavery is a sin; and if it is a sin, what is all legislation that endeavors to cover it? Three millions of people, bending beneath the tax, put George Washington in front of them, and marched to victory and to fame. The world says right, glorious. Four millions of people, bending under a bondage compared with which one moment is heavier than ages such as our fathers rose to resist, put John Brown in front of them. *He* is a criminal justly hung. Out of that decision can they get a virtue that will beat down such a Slave Power as that described to you? Never. Now, all I ask is, that each man shall make up his mind that every slave has a right to liberty. That is justice, right. If you can get it in your constitution, God grant that you may; but get it. Dr. Doy told me two days ago, that he saw brought into his Missouri prison, kidnapped from the Kansas Territory, a young black man, 22 years old, his hands manacled together, crying. Among his sobs he half articulated: 'I am a freeman! I am a freeman! my free papers are in my pocket.' The United States officer who brought him in put his hands in that pocket, took out the papers, tore them up, and flung them into the fire; and the next morning those hands went down, melted into the slave population forever. Is this a single instance? I have seen the Chief Justice of Massachusetts sitting on the Bench of the Supreme Court with a fugitive slave who had proved twice the right to his liberty, for he was born free, and he had vindicated his worthiness for freedom by flying over a thousand miles of peril and death. With voice broken by emotion, the representative of the land of the Puritan Commonwealth said: 'It is a hard case; I cannot vindicate its right, but I must announce the law.' If that is the Union you like—if that is a Government that you are willing to breed up your children to love—if the pulpit of thirty States can announce that the Union is almost sacred—if the statesmen have no other name for it but divine, and though they cannot vindicate its right, but only announce the law, then I say side me with the black man, and record traitor against my name—side me with the rebel who has no purpose in life but to tear down that government, whose cement, is the blood of four millions of its victims, and I do it in the name of the past—in the name of those two hundred years of liberty which our fathers thought they were to inaugurate; I do it for the future, with the eyes of the race fixed upon us, the Normal school of 'self-government, the last hope of humanity—the great, magnificent experiment of how thirty millions of people can shape their civil affairs. Mr. Seward closed his speech with the recommendation for every man to cultivate a respect for the Union. If you will allow me to close mine, it will be to impress upon your own hearts, and teach your children, to love justice, to respect liberty, to claim free lips, to let no commerce, however swelling, bribe them; to let no sacredness of parchment gag their lips, but to swear on the altar which Christianity holds to every man the oath that the slave, whom our fathers forgot, against whom they pledged their physical force, 60 years of bondage that our fathers fastened on two generations, loss or no loss, law or no law, Constitution or no Constitution, so far as in us lies, we will break those fetters, and elevate that race to an equality with ourselves; and may God help you to keep the oath (loud applause).—*Wendell Phillips at Cooper Institute, N. Y.*

CONGRESSIONAL COURAGE.

A very proper anti-slavery resolution was introduced into the House at Washington, on Monday last, by Mr. Blake, Republican member from Ohio. The following is the resolution with its preamble:

"Whereas The chattelizing of mankind and the holding of persons as property is contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system, and is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout the civilized world, and a serious hindrance to the progress of republican liberty throughout the nations of the earth, Therefore,

"Resolved, that the Committee of the Judiciary be, and the same are hereby instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill giving freedom to every human being, and interdicting Slavery wherever Congress has the Constitutional power to legislate on that subject."

This simple, explicit, and fundamental resolution, which the Ohio Representative had the singular courage and grace to introduce, proved a fire-brand. It was prolific of a huge excitement. For a time the strokes of the Speaker's hammer were like whispers in a storm. A terrible proposition was before the House! A proposition, in a land ringing with professions of devotion to freedom, to secure to every subject of the Government the enjoyment of his natural, God given rights! A proposition (how startling!) to re-enact and carry out the spirit of the U. S. Constitution, which provides that "no person shall be deprived of life, *liberty* or property without due process of law!" It must be speedily voted down for the sake of the Union—and it was voted down with statesman like promptness, yeas 60, nays 106. Some Republicans voted for it, some against it, and some dodged. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* says:

"The resolution offered by Mr. Blake of Ohio, without any consultation among his political friends, produced some confusion and excitement in the House. It proposed substantially to give freedom to every human being and to interdict Slavery wherever it exists and the power of Congress could reach. Many Republicans voted for it, being a mere resolution of inquiry, and others against it, because it was inexpedient and contemplated no practical object, while others refused to vote. The resolution was thus defeated by over fifty majority. These barren generalities only provoke unnecessary embarrassments without the least service."

Of course! There is nothing "practical!" in breaking the chains from the limbs of men and elevating them to the glorious liberty of the sons of God! It is "inexpedient" to protect innocent human beings from the clutch of the spoiler! These 'barren generalities" are only counterparts of the 'glittering generalities' which Cushing discovered in the Declaration of Independence!—*True American.*

From Fredrick Douglass' Paper.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

The following letter was received a day or two since by the Rev. J. W. Loguen of Syracuse, from his mistress 'way down in Tennessee.' The old lady is evidently 'hard up,' financially, and attempts to frighten her former servant into the payment of $1,000 as 'hush money.' We imagine she sent to the wrong man, as Mr. Loguen needs no 'bill of sale,' to secure himself from capture in that section of the State. Besides his own stalwart arm, he has hosts of friends who would make that region too hot to hold the man-hunters who would venture on such an errand as the old lady hints at in her somewhat singular epistle. Her lamentations about the old mare are decidedly funny, (we may add womanly,) and all the misfortunes of the family are traced directly to the escape of 'Jarm.' But here is her letter:

MAURY COUNTY, STATE OF TENNESSEE,
Feb'y 20th, 1860.

TO JARM:—I now take my pen to write you a few lines, to let you know how we all are. I am a cripple, but I am still able to get about. The rest of the family are all well. Cherry is as well as common. I write you these lines to let you know the condition we are in,—partly in consequence of your running away and stealing Old Rock, our fine mare. Though we got the old mare back, she was never worth much after you took her; and, as I now stand in need of some funds, I have determined to sell you; and I have had an offer for you, but did not see fit to take it. If you will send me one thousand dollars and pay for the old mare, I will give up all claim I have to you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines, and let me know if you will accept my proposition. In consequence of your running away, we had to sell Abe and Ann and twelve acres of land; and I want you to send me the money that I may be able to redeem the land that you was the cause of our selling, and on receipt of the above named sum of money, I will send you your bill of sale.

If you do not comply with my request, I will sell you to some one else, and you may rest assured that the time is not far distant when things will be changed with you. Write to me as soon as you get these lines. Direct your letter to Bigbyville, Maury County, Tennessee. You had better comply with my request.

I understand that you are a preacher. As the Southern people are so bad, you had better come and preach to your old acquaintances. I would like to know if you read your Bible? If so, can you tell what will become of the thief if he does not repent? and, if the blind lead the blind what will the consequence be? I deem it unnecessary to say much more at present. A word to the wise is sufficient. You know where the liar has his part. You know that we reared you as we reared our own children; that you was never abused, and that shortly before you ran away, when your master asked you if you would like to be sold, you said you would not leave him to go with anybody.

SARAH LOGUE.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

The Belfast *Age* publishes a letter from a correspondent in Georgia, giving the revolting particulars of a gross outrage committed upon a ship's crew near Jeffersontown, in that State. We give the following extracts:

The brig B. G. Chaloner, of East Machias, Me., was chartered in New York to come to Satilla river, to load lumber. Capt. A. V. Kinsey was master, who had with him his wife, Mr. Patterson the mate, and a crew of four men.

Mr. Patterson was well acquainted with the river, having once been wrecked up White Oak Creek. At that time while stripping the vessel, he lived with a wealthy planter, who become much attached to him. No sooner had his planter friend—Mr. Morrissy—learned that he was again on the river, than he sent a negro to conduct him to the house. Mr. Morrissy, learning the Captain had his wife with him, sent a pressing invitation by Mr. Patterson for the Captain to come, and bring his wife with him, to take a Christmas dinner with his family.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 25th, the Captain with his crew and mate, took the crew in the boat and started for Mr. Morrissy's plantation, having to go about 15 miles by water to his place of landing, from which, to the plantation was five miles. After landing, he sent his men to Mr. Peters' house, (he being acquainted with Mr. P.) to tarry until his return. The crew had been in the house but a short time, before six armed men came there, by the names of David Brown, and his two sons, Burrill Brown and Nathan Brown, with their brother-in-law, Thomas Harrison, and two others whose names I don't recollect, and told them they must go to jail. The sailors, believing their innocence would appear the more apparent if they yielded, concluded to obey their orders, supposing they were authoritative; they were then taken into the woods, tied to a tree, and a negro made to give three of them *fifty* lashes apiece. The reserved one was a tall man, of the highth of six feet three inches, whom they called 'the captain of the crowd.' Upon his back they dealt *one hundred lashes*. After he was taken down, they asked him if he would run as fast as the others had? they having been compelled to run, as fast as released.

As he did not at once start, one of the gang raised his gun, saying, '—— you, you won't run, will you?' and fired the ball passing near his head, and lodging in a tree. With what strength remained, the suffering man then started, hastened by the profane threats of his menacing tormentors. By the kindness of Burrill Brown's wife, the men were shown the way down, and a boat was provided to take them on board the vessel.

On Monday morning, as Capt. Kinney, his wife, and Mr. Patterson were coming down towards the landing, they were met by the man who took the sailors on board, and told what had happened, and advised him to go back to Mr. Morrissy's and leave the woman, and then go round the other way, and send a sheriff for the boat. This advice was acted upon.

They had not gone more than half a mile, before they were overtaken by a man on horseback who pointed a double-barrelled gun at the captain's head, and told him to stop. Presently old Brown and his gang came along, armed with pistols and guns, and ordered the captain and mate to take off their coats, which they refused to do. Guns were at once cocked and levelled at their heads, and compliance demanded, by threatening to blow out their brains.

After they had divested themselves of their outer garments, a negro was ordered to give them *fifty* lashes apiece. The captain's wife piteously interceded in behalf of her husband and companion, but they coarsely told her to stop her d—d crying, or they would give her the same number of lashes they were now giving her husband. After the negro had completed his task, old Brown, who was unable to walk without a cane, came hobbling along, and commanded the slave to give them four more for tally.

The six inquisitors then marched the sufferers before the guns to the boat, and then shoved it off, leaving them to row 15 miles against the tide to their vessel.

A few days after the transaction, the mate showed me his back, which was bruised and cut from his neck to his knees, as was also the case with the others that were flogged.

The only reason given for committing this outrage was that the captain and his men were 'damned Northerners.'

☞ The above is only one of a multitude of similiar outrages which have been perpetrated upon Northern men at the South, within the last four months, and which ought to unite the whole North as one man in demanding redress and protection at any cost.

Communications.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, March 25th, 1860.

To the Editor of the Bugle:

We have just held the last of our series of New York Conventions for the present season, in this City. Probably it has been the most effective series of Anti-Slavery operations ever held in this State. Democracy and conservative Republicanism have been tried as by fire, and both have been found almost, if not altogether alike composed largely of dross. The latter has generally more dreaded our coming and our communication than the former. With one or two honorable exceptions, Republicanism, has given us no countenance, or co-operation, *except for money*, and then at the very highest prices. On the other hand, in low, vile slander and abuse of us, it has not been outdone by its Democratic allies and confederates in Slave-holding and Slave-hunting despotism.

Our operations have extended all the way from Buffalo to Brooklyn, including several most powerful lectures from Wendell Phillips, the result of which will be felt forever. We have held about twenty Conventions generally of four sessions each besides many separate lectures. We have been reported and commented upon in Congress; we have heard the echo of our voices from the pine plains of North Carolina and the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. We have kept the rust from the Republican press of the State, and stagnation out of the Legislature. We have not indeed got our Personal Liberty Law, and may not, at the present session. But the Legislature is voluntarily compromising the progressive operations of the day by enacting a most excellent law relative to the property and other rights of woman; besides deciding by a large majority in both houses, to again submit the question to the people, of the equal right of suffrage to the colored population. Next year, there will be no President to elect, and we will then get the Personal Liberty Law, as they said in Kentucky they got the Election of General Taylor to the Presidency, "*by spontaneous combustion.*"

Rochester, your readers remember as the Mt. Sinai from whence was thundered forth the Law of "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT," between Slave labor and Free! And Rochester therefore seemed the ground on which to hold our last Convention, particularly to rebuke the monstrous degeneracy of the Law-Giver, who in one year and a half, has not only broken the Tables on which the Divine utterance was engraved, but has lowered his own head in humble worship to the Golden Calf; nay, of all the worse than golden images, the Molochs or Dagons, ever reared by the uncircumcised idolators of Assyria or Babylon.

The disastrous, damning effect of that speech of Senator Seward's a few weeks since, on the admission of Kansas into the Union, cannot be computed with all the arithmetic of an archangel. No wonder Bates is alarmed and has hastened to define his position anew. Where are Banks, and Botts, and Bell, (*yea, and Beelzebub too, why not as well?*) all candidates named and often approved by Horace Greely and the New York Tribune, where are they, that are not also looking to their Presidential laurels? Or at least congratulating their New York competitor in the Hebrew Minstrel's song.

O Lucifer! Son of the Morning!
How art thou fallen and become
Like unto us!

I have never exalted Wm. Seward as have many. To some—even among the Garrisonian Abolitionist, he has been the 'chiefest among ten thousand' "if not "the one altogether lovely." Had I exalted him on this Rochester utterance, as did many, it would now only remain for me to say as was said of another ambitious aspirant,

"Since he miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far"!

Who can wonder that your own sturdy Theseus, Frank Wade, has now espoused that eldest demon-begot daughter of Slavery, COLONIZATION, and demands a "new plank in the Republican platform, banishing the whole colored race; that so we may, as he significantly expressed himself, *hear no more about Negro Equality in the North!!*

Who can now wonder at the suddenly subdued tone of all those Republican presses and voices, that before were demanding Union if possible, *but universal Freedom at every cost?*

The following were our Resolutions at the Rochester Conventions—I hope you will give them good open space in your short columns, and exhort your readers to compare them with the speech which they are designed to rebuke, and see that they shall not do it injustice, at least to them.

Resolved, That the government of the United States is now a Consolidated Despotism—the strength of which, in the North, is the Republican Party—casting, at the last Presidential Election almost a million and a half of votes, and intending to swell the number at the approaching contest to two millions—and every one of them a solemnly sworn oath that slavery shall be protected and perpetuated in every state where it now, is, or may hereafter, by the action of the government, be extended, as long as those states shall desire; and thus that party must be held fully responsible for all the bloody baptisms and sacraments of sweating sorrow which the slaves are enduring throughout their generations.

Resolved, That of all the Congressional Manifestos of the present session, the most dangerous to the cause of the enslaved in this nation, is the speech of Senator Seward of New York, on the admission of Kansas to the Union; and regarding its author, as at present, a most prominent candidate for Presidential honors, it is all the more significant as a declaration of sentiments—a platform of Republican party faith—and a foreshadowing of what shall be the character of his administration in the event of his success.

Resolved, That when in the very preamble of that speech he promises and hopes 'to allay the national excitement,' and then proceeds to concede everything to the south and nothing to the north, and least of all, to the slaves, softening the words *Slavery* and *Slaveholders* into *Capital* and *Capitalists*, re-affirming and re-subscribing every constitutional compromise ever claimed by Calhoun or endorsed by Webster, even the compromises of 1850, fugitive slave law and all, whose 'inspiring sounds' reproduced in the inaugural of the next President, Franklin Pierce, he affirms, 're-assured and delighted the land' with hopes of peace from the slavery agitation, and then declaring the only peculiar policy of the party to be 'the saving of the U. S. Territories if possible by constitutional and lawful means from slavery and polygamy;' and again that all our northern system of labor ever works out is 'the equality of white men!' And farther, that should the capital system (meaning slavery in the states) ever be assailed, 'in the emergency, no matter what the cause or what the pretext, or who the foe, we of the free states shall defend the southern sovereignty as the equivalent of our own,' and then repeating the obligation in the assuring words, 'we of the north are not the enemies, but the friends and brethren of the south, faithful and true;' and then explains in what sense, by declaring his party to be 'engaged in no new transaction, not even a new dispute,' though new slave states should be admitted to the Union, and that Union, throughout the speech constantly lauded far above liberty. When all that and much more, if not worse, is embraced in a single speech by an aspirant for presidential preferment, and he the most anti-slavery in his professions, [and by the claim of his party,] of the whole long and greedy list of candidates, the hour must surely have come when a government and Union demanding such monstrous debasement, should be dashed in pieces with all the older, but not more bloody tyrannies of other times.

Resolved, That the sad and alarming departure and degeneracy of Senator Seward from many of his earlier utterances on the subject of slavery, particularly when in the U. S. S. he ably and nobly vindicated the '*Higher Law*' Doctrines, as above all human codes or constitutions; when he bravely declared to the slave holders, 'we have had quite enough of Compromise;' and when more especially he proclaimed, in the face of the world, the 'IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT' between slavery and freedom, cannot but fill the hearts of all friends of the enslaved with disappointment, if not with despair, that one whose promise was so fair, has finally fallen under the seductive influence of selfish and political ambition, to a level with the demagogues and party stock gamblers, that have so long scourged and cursed, as well as ruled the land.

Resolved, That the last Doctrine proposed by Republicanism, and inculcated in the New York Tribune, and the late speech of Senator Wade in Congress, and recommended by the late Republican Convention in Missouri, and in various other Republican sources, of colonizing the free people of color in some remote region, or at all events outside the common pale of humanity, that so, in the significant words of Senator Wade, '*we may hear no more of negro equality in the North,*' proves that party proscriptive and cruel in the highest degree; incapable of comprehending the true genius and spirit of human freedom, and consequently wholly unfit to be entrusted with its interests.

And if you will pardon another little impertinence in me, I will venture to suggest that you publish an article on the same subject from the German *Pioneer*, translated for and inserted in the last Liberator. I never read it till this morning, but it seems to me worthy the nation of Fichte and Herder and Hegel. Would to God *Know Nothingism* knew enough not to restrict the emigration of such men and minds. We could barter every political Editor in the land for one such as the writer of the article to which I have referred and make fortunes by the bargain. But my letter is already too long.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

"PROVIDENCE HAS MADE ME AN ACTOR, AND SLAVERY AN OUTLAW."—*John Brown of Ossawatomie.*

SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 7, 1860.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

Our readers are aware that petitions have been more or less circulated in Ohio during the past winter, asking for the enactment of a Personal Liberty Bill. We are inclined to believe that few of these petitions have been presented. It appears, however, they effected a lodgment in the House, and the following report was made upon the subject.

REPORT OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE ON FEDERAL RELATIONS.

The standing committee on Federal Relations, to whom was referred the petition of J. W. Canfield and fifty five others, praying this General Assembly "to enact that no person who has been held as a slave shall be delivered up by any officer or court, State or Federal within this commonwealth to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes service or labor to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union," have had the same under consideration, and now

REPORT:

First. The Federal Constitution provides that fugitives from service *shall be delivered* up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due.

Second. This memorial prays that such persons *shall not be delivered* up on claim of such party.

Third. The members of this General Assembly have all taken an oath to support the constitution of the United States.

Fourth. Article 6 of that constitution provides that it shall be the supreme law of the land, and that the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Therefore, the prayer of this petition is, in effect, that we shall, in violation of our official oaths—as we believe—pass a law that would be, *ab initio*, null and void, because the judges of our State courts would be bound to decide it contrary to the constitution of the United States. Your committee ask to be discharged from the farther consideration of this memorial.

E. PARROTT,
A. HARLAN,
R. HUTCHESON,
JAMES GAMBLE,
J. W. HAMILTON,
WM. STEDMAN.

The *Ohio Statesman* calls this "A sensible report," and looking at the matter from the stand point of that paper, we are inclined to agree with it. Petitions or memorials asking for the enactment of a law as above described, can be made efficient agencies for agitation, and then they really ask no more than every Democratic and Christian Legislator is bound to do; but as our Legislators are neither Democrats nor Christians, it is too much to expect them to perform such work. Some of the abolitionists in this and in other States have labored to procure the enactment of a Personal Liberty Bill, with the belief that the measure would, ere long, be secured. If their faith is well founded, we should be glad to share it; but all that we have done in this matter has been simply with a view to agitate, and by that agitation to prepare the minds of the people for a measure that will obviate all necessity for the enactment of such Bills.

From the very nature of the case we do not believe it possible to have an effective Personal Liberty Bill in any one of the *United* States. Should the Bill be correct in theory, as may be urged in relation to that of Vermont, it is ineffective, because necessarily inoperative. No fugitive slaves are captured in Vermont; and although the law is valuable as a written expression of feeling on the part of the people, it is not because of the law that no slaves are captured there, but because there are no fugitives to capture; or if one occasionally escapes to the Green Mountains, distance and other circumstances operate more powerfully to protect him than the law. In a State like Ohio or Pennsylvania where slaves are continually being recaptured, no law will be enacted to prevent it; or if accidently enacted during a spasm of humanity, it would be put aside by the Courts, and the rendition of fugitive slaves would be recognised as now, as one of the compromises indispensible to the perpetuity of the Union, and therefore of more importance than any law of justice or humanity.

The Report of the Committee of the Ohio Legislature presents the matter in a nut shell. A Personal Liberty Bill which will protect the fugitive slave against his master, is clearly a violation of the United States Constitution, and virtually a dissolution of the Federal Union. For if the provisions of such a law should be maintained in opposition to the Judicial decisions and Executive power of the Federal Government—and if maintained at all, it would have to be thus done—that Government would cease to be, so far as that particular State was concerned. Now we have no faith that a single State in the confederacy is ready to meet these results, and maintain State Sovereignty at the sacrifice of Federal Union. We should be glad to be convinced of our mistake, if it be one, and shall not be sorry to see a collision between State and Federal authority so potent that it shall break the magic spell which has converted God's human image into dumb dogs.

Philanthropic politicians may talk as they will about it being the first duty of the State to protect all the dwellers upon her soil, but when her voters and her legislators have agreed not to do it, aye, and sworn not to do it, it is vain to expect them to violate their oaths so long as they believe it will pay to keep them. The first political duty of such men is to sever their connection with the Federal Government, and thus place themselves in a position to consistently enact a Personal Liberty Bill if they should think that such a Bill would then be needed. But if Ohio should ever take back from the South the promise she gave in relation to the rendition of fugitive slaves, we suspect her people would find there was no more need of a special enactment to protect her citizens against the incursions of Virginia slave catchers, than against those of Algiers. Each man would be a law to himself in either case, and the sword or the bullet would be the probable language of its enactment.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church (North,) which will be held in Buffalo next May, is looked to with great interest by the members of that religious body, for the 'impending crisis,' for which many have been preparing, will descend upon them, and the Church will either take a higher position in relation to slavery, or become hopelessly chained to the bloody car of the peculiar institution—the Jugernaut of American heathenism.

The anti-slavery methodists are determined to do what they can to reform their church—to make it first pure, then peaceable' even though they be denounced as schismatick, and troublesome fellows in Israel. The conservatives, on the other hand, seek peace first, and *then* purity, perchance, if it can be obtained without disturbing the peace of the Methodist Zion. Some of these are beginning to feel that to act altogether on the defensive, is not so advantageous a position as they might adopt. So a proposition has been started to re-unite the Northern and Southern branches of the M. E. Church. To this there would seem to be no serious objection, so long as the theology, the morality, the policy, and the fraternal feelings of the two divisions are so identical as now. Does the Church South extend over Southern territory? So does the Church North, even to the uttermost parts of Texas. Does the Church South refuse to make slaveholding a bar to Christian fellowship? So does the Church North. Has the Church South slaveholding members? So has the Church North, and is ready to receive as many more as she can get. Does the Church South have slave holding preachers? So has the Church North. Why in the name of common sense should not these two be one? There are more and better reasons for re-union than there was for separation. Though they have been divorced, let them again be married, though it would be well to alter the marriage ceremony so as not to have it declared 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' seeing that some other Being would most likely preside at the Union.

Should the reformers be defeated at Buffalo, and the church determine to pursue its old pro-slavery course, those who love the organization better than humanity, will stay in it. They ought to do so; it is just the place for them—the Jericho in which they should tarry until their beards grow. But the lovers of God and man will leave it; and in some other way than through a pro-slavery organization worship their God, the Father of man, and labor for the redemption of their brother, the Image of God.

REPUBLICANISM IN A SLAVE HOLDING STATE.

The editor of the *News and Advertiser* (Milford) states that a call has been issued in Delaware for a meeting to appoint delegates to the Chicago Convention. After publishing the names procured in the neighborhood of Milford, he says,

"Several of the gentlemen above named are Slaveholders, and some of them largely so. What will the timid conservatives say to this?"

Very satisfactory to the conservatives, no doubt, for it conclusively shows that slaveholding is not incompatible with Republicanism.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

The children's friend, from Longwood, Pa., passed through Salem the 2d inst. to Cincinnati and other points at the West. During the last few years he has held meetings and conventions for the little folks, in various parts of the country, which often have been attended by overwhelming numbers. During the past winter he has spoken by invitation in Presbyterian, Methodist and other churches to Sunday School scholars and others.

Last Sunday he addressed the Sunday School at New Brighton, in the M. P. Church, and delivered a religious discourse in the evening, and is invited to address the Sunday School again on his return. Letters will reach him as late as the 25th of this month at Richmond, Indiana. I.

SAVED!

The threatened Union has again been cemented. A fugitive slave who was captured in Harisburg, was brought before Judge Cadwallader of Philadelphia for trial, and by him adjudged guilty of owing held to service or labor in Virginia, under the laws thereof, and accordingly remanded. An ineffectual attempt was made to rescue him; but instead of giving to the poor fellow the liberty which the Declaration of Independence says belongs to him, ten of the attempted rescuers were arrested, and committed to prison. This will furnish business to the U. S. Courts, and add another to the many illustrations our history furnishes of the kind of blessings the North derives from her ill-assorted union with slaveholders and despots. We shall learn the lesson in time; and though it may require many a flogging to beat it into our brains, the South is no whit inclined to spoil us by sparing the rod.—"Lay on Mc Duff."

COLONIZATION.—At a Colonization meeting in Cincinnati, a Committee was appointed to further its object, and it was suggested that the colored people be requested to appoint a similar committee for co-operation with it. But the papers state that "Mr. Gordon, a colored man, threw cold water upon the project of African colonization, by stating that the *intelligent* colored population of the city were totally opposed to colonization in any shape, and that it would be useless to appoint any committee, (as had been proposed) to co-operate with them."

WHO WANTS HATS?

Our readers will see by our advertising column, that their old friend, and former editor of the Bugle—Marius R. Robinson—is prepared to furnish hats to all needing his services, and we presume without regard to the party, sect, or color of the applicant.

LECTURES ON THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT.—Mr. Marks will deliver a course of four lectures in this place upon the above named subjects, commencing on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. From a copy of the programme of his lectures in Philadelphia, we should judge that his discourses would be interesting, if the speaker possesses the ability to do justice to the various points which would naturally present themselves to the traveler's attention, and we have no reason to doubt his qualification for so doing.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—We have received the 2nd part of this work, which, like its predecessor, is copiously illustrated, and is printed on good paper, and with clear and handsome type.

The publishers of the above also issue in numbers on the 1st and 15th of each month, CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY, which is divested of technicalities, and while written in a style that is readily understood, combines with scientific instruction, many interesting facts in relation to the character of animals in their natural, as well as in their domestic state. Our little girl, who lays claim to both these publications, declares that the Natural History' is intensely interesting.'

Published by Cassell, Potter & Galphin, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Price 15 cents per number.

COLONIZATION.

[The following is the Colonization resolution adopted by the recent Republican Convention of Missouri.]

Resolved, That we most cordially approve the language and sentiments contained in the following extract of a letter written by Thomas Jefferson to Mr. Sparks, pointing out "a feasible scheme to rid our States of the burden of Slavery," and in which he declares, "that the second object and the most interesting to us, as coming home to our physical and moral character, to our happiness and safety, is to provide an asylum to which we can by degrees, send the whole of that population (the negroes) from among us, and establish them under our patronage and protection as a separate, free, and independent people, in some country and climate friendly to human life and happiness."

OBITUARY.

DIED, at his residence in Franklin County, Ohio, March 23rd, 1860, after a lingering illness, of Scrofulous cancer, Stephen G. Hambleton, formerly of Columbiana Co., aged 62 years 7 months and 23 days. He leaves a wife and nine children, with numerous friends to mourn his loss. He has long been an advocate of freedom, lent a helping hand to the poor Fugitive when the name of Abolition was a reproach and by-word among his fellow men.

R. A. H.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

ISAAC TRESCOTT and JNO. R. WILLIAMS will speak on Temperance, at New Albany, Sunday the 15th of April, at half past 2 P. M. The Salem Temperance Glee Club, will also attend.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO BUGLE,

☞$1.50 *PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.*☜

THE BUGLE can be obtained every Friday, of Isaac Trescott, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

☞FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS is authorized to obtain subscribers for the Bugle, and to receipt for any monies paid on account of the paper.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

GOING WEST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Pittsburg	2.00 a m	1.45 p m
Columbiana	4.52 a m	4.43 p m
Salem	5.20 a m	5.11 p m
Alliance	6.10 a m	6.02 p m

GOING EAST.

Leave	*Mail*	*Express*
Crestline	7.20 a m	6.00 p m
Alliance	12.24 p m	10.56 p m
Salem	1.16 p m	11.30 p m
Columbiana	1.45 p m	11.59 p m

Mail Train arrives in Crestline at 11 a m, in Chicago, 10.45 p m.

Express Train arrives in Crestline at 11 p m. in Chicago 10.45 a m.

Mail Train arrives in Pittsburg at 5.00 p m.

Express Train arrives in Pittsburg at 2.55 p m.

CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAIL ROAD TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, January 16th, 1860:—Trains leave Alliance as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Mail, 8.38, a m, arrive in Cleveland, 11.28, a m
Express, 5.37, p m arrive in Cleveland, 7.35 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Pittsburgh 4.35 p m
Mail, 12.8 p m arrive in Wheeling 6.16 p m
Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Pittsburgh, 2.30 a m
Express, 10.43 p m arrive in Wheeling 7.30 a m

RETURNING TRAINS LEAVE

Cleveland,	9.45 a m and	8.35 p m
Pittsburgh,	2 a m and	1.45 p m
Wheeling,	11.25 a m and	9.45 p m

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Prest.

F. R. MYERS, Gen. Ticket Agt.

NEW HAT & CAP STORE.

M. R. Robinson, offers for sale at the new

HAT STORE

in Salem. (North side of Main Street, four doors East of the Farmers Bank,)

HATS AND CAPS,

in great variety of style and material.

Call and examine his stock, and decide for yourselves concerning the quality of his goods, and the reasonableness of his prices.

Salem, April 7th, 1860.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE!

THAYER & ELDRIDGE,
Publishers and Wholesale Booksellers,
114 & 116 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

We publish one of the largest and best assortment of BOOKS for Agents and Canvassers to be found in the United States, and always have on hand a full stock of Miscellaneous Publications at low prices. Catalogues of Publications mailed free.

March 22, 1860.-tf.

FIVE SPLENDID STRAWBERRIES.

HOOKER,—Very productive; large, beautiful, and of UNEQUALLED QUALITY.

WILSON'S ALBANY,—Exceedingly productive; fine for market.

TRIOMPHE DE GAND.—Immense size; splendid appearance, and high flavor.

PYRAMIDAL CHILIAN.—Very handsome; productive, hardy and good flavor.

LARGE EARLY SCARLET,—The earliest; productive, and excellent.

As it is impossible to secure all the excellencies of this most popular fruit in one variety, we offer the above as comprising, in five sorts, the various points desirable.

We again confidently RECOMMEND the HOOKER, as by far the best for family use if only one sort is to be planted—combining a greater number of excellencies than any other variety.

☞All of the above have perfect flowers, and will produce excellent crops, if planted singly or together.

PRICE,—(Securely packed to be forwarded by express:)

For 100 plants of any of the above varieties,	$2.00
" 100 " 20 of each variety,	3.00
" 500 " 100 of each variety,	7.50
" 1000 " of the Hooker,	10.00

H. P. HOOKER & CO.
COMMERCIAL NURSERIES,
Rochester, N. Y.

BOTANIC Medicines for Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale her entire stock of medicines, together with all the fixtures for preparing the same, at her residence on high street, Salem, Ohio. C. L. CHURCH.

March 1st, 1860.

NOTION AND VARIETY

STORE!!

Please call and examine our stock of Dry Good and Notions, Delaines, Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Chintzes, Ginghams, Drillings, Bleached and Brown Cotton Flannels, Plaid, Striped, Plain, Swiss Mull and Book Muslins, Friend's Book Muslin Hdk'fs, Shirt Collars, Baby Flannels, Gents' and Ladies' Hdk'fs, Hosiery of all kinds, Gents' and Ladies' Gloves, Knitting Cotton and Woolen Yarn, Pocket Books Porte Monnaies, Ladies' Reticules and Fancy Purses, Sheet Wadding, Cotton Batting, Ladies' Gauntlets, Woolen Hoods, Grenadine for veils, Needles, Pins, Cottons; Tapes, Bonnet Rutches, Silk Oilcloth, Corsets, Skirt Supporters, and Notions of all kinds. We call particular attention to our present stock as it is the most attractive stock that we have ever been able to offer to our numerous friends, customers and the public generally. Store, one door west of M'Millan's Book Store. E. BARR.

E. E. BARR.

Salem, Oct 22, 1859.

SALEM, OHIO, JAN. 7th, 1860.

SEMI ANNUAL SALES,

We would respectfully announce the commencement this day, of our

CLOSING OUT SALES, of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Determined to close out all kinds of goods rendered unseasonable by the approach of Spring, we are now offering at and

NEAR COST,

Our entire stock of Ladies' Dress Goods, Shawls, Cloaks, Furs, Embroideries, Bonnets Ribbons, Trimmings, Ladies' and Children's Gloves & Hosiery, Carpets, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Tweeds, Jeans, Flannels, Woolen Blankets, &c.

In addition to which, we are offering at and

BELOW COST.

Our entire stock of Ladies' Bonnets, Ladies' Fancy Baskets, Comforts, &c.;

Together with a large stock of REMNANTS, of every grade of goods, from a French Merino down to a Print.

We invite all those wishing

GREAT BARGAINS,

To call during the continuance of the ABOVE SALES, as we will sell you goods a shade lower than any other house in this county. Our object being to reduce stock. ☞These Sales will continue for 60 days only.

Yours Respectfully,
J. & L. SCHILLING.

Enlargement

—OF—

M'MILLAN'S

BOOK STORE.

NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, &C., &C.

A full assortment of Historical, Poetical, Scientific, Biblical, Juvenile, Law, and elegantly bound Gift Books,

SCHOOL AND MUSIC BOOKS,

Wholesale and Retail. A large stock and great variety of Foolscap Mercantile Post, Bath Post, Commercial Note and Billet Papers of various sizes, plain and fancy. Envelopes, plain and fancy, and all sizes; Unruled Papers, Drawing Paper in roll, Tracing Cloth, Pattern & Tissue Paper, and materials for flowers. Arnold's Maynard&Noyes, Copying, Carmine, Red and Indelible Inks, Copying Books, Blank Books, Memorandums and Pass Books in great variety. Writing Books, Slate Pencils, Pelton's Outline Maps, Steel Pens, &c.,

Warranted Gold Pens,

Inkstands, Artists' Colors and Brushes, Purses Pocket Books, Pictures, Penholders, &c. Printers' Cards, Reward and Visiting Cards. A large assortment of Wall Paper; cheap Window Fixtures, consisting of Rollers, Brackets, Cord, Tassels, Oil Cloth, Oil Shades, plain and fancy Paper, all of which the public is invited to call and examine.

"All of our customers, who come by night,
Will see our notice in letters of broad light."

in the front window. J. M'MILLAN.

Salem, Nov. 5, 1857.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS,
IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

This brilliant and beautiful periodical is issued monthly by us from advance plates made in London, thus securing its publication on the same day in both Hemispheres. Although but six months old it has already reached a circulation in Europe and America of over 120,000 copies of each number. Following are a few brief extracts from the commendations which have been bestowed upon it by the American press:

From the Lawrence Sentinel, Mass.

We hope that this new periodical will find a large circulation in Lawrence. Parents could not put a work into the hands of their boys and girls that would give them so much instruction in so pleasant a way. The scientific articles have always been especially entertaining—at once thoroughly philosophical and yet as fascinating as fiction.—Nothing equal to them, in their peculiar line, has ever appeared in any other magazine.

From the People's Press, Philadelphia.

It is gratifying to see the great novelist voluntarily enrolling himself as one of the fraternity, whose influence sways the world to and fro like the pendulum of Galileo. Charles Dickens, the greatest writer who has lived since Shakespeare, the one who has peopled our language with its ripest and most felicitious images, who has created the most marvelous processions of individualities, takes his place in the first rank of those "who battle for the true, the just," with that mightiest of weapons—the Press.

From the Western New-Yorker.

A large hearted man, even then with frosted beard and thin locks, once spoke of the works of Charles Dickens as a long drawn Sermon on the Mount. Such enthusiasm, even, heard with, as much reverence as uttered it, tells truth. The new periodical is altogether unique and we can afford to give up Household Words for these fresh pages.

From the Bridgeport Farmer.

Among the most eminent of the contributors are Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins, George Augustus Sala, and Miss Ida Craig—a constellation of writers such as no other periodical in the world can claim, and which could only have been gathered together by that personal magnetism which Mr. Dickens possesses in so unusual a degree.

From the Lancaster, Pa., Republican.

Those who have enjoyed the keen satire, the dashing wit or the deep pathos distinguishing the works of the illustrious author of "Boz," will hail in this publication the advent of a new star of the first magnitude and brilliancy upon the literary horizon.

From the Carlisle, Pa., Herald.

Those who have read the published works of Dickens, and who has not? need not be told of the rich treat which is spread weekly before them in the pages of *All the Year Round.*

From the Batavia, N. Y., Republican.

It contains a mass of choice and interesting matter far exceeding that of any similar publications.

From the San Francisco Farmer.

The name of Charles Dickens is enough to secure a world of patrons.

From the York, Pa., Advocate.

It bids fair to rival, nay to exceed, every work of the sort hitherto commenced, in the extent of its circulation and in its popularity.

During the issue of the first volume of the work now completed, it has received over two thousand testimonials of favor like the above from the press, a flood of commendations perhaps never before equalled in the history of periodical literature.—The first volume which closed with the November number, containing six hundred and twenty four pages including Charles Dickens new Novel "A Tale of Two Cities" elegantly and substantially bound in muslin will be furnished at two dollars per copy.

The American edition of ALL THE YEAR ROUND issued in monthly parts put up in neat tinted covers, and furnished on the following

TERMS:

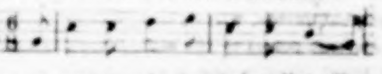
Single Copies,	$0 25
One Copy, One Year,	3 00
" Six Months,	1 50
Five Copies, One Year,	10 00
Eleven " "	20 00

And at the same rate for all over. Back numbers always furnished when desired.

We will send the work to new subscribers from the commencement, thus giving the whole of Charles Dickens great story "A Tale of Two Cities."

J. M. EMERSON & Co.,
37 PARK ROW, NEW-YORK.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.



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All the Back Numbers at 10 cts., and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at $2.50 each, constantly on hand.

☞Agents wanted for these publications.

C. B. SEYMOUR & Co.,
107 Nassau St., New York.

January 28, 1860.-3m.

JAMES SMILEY, M. D.

Office and Residence four doors West of WHINNERY & FIRESTONE'S DRUG STORE, South side of Main Street, Salem, Ohio.

Salem, July 31st. 1858.

BOARDING HOUSE.

WILLIAM STILL'S
Genteel Boarding House,
AT
No. 832 South Street, below Ninth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA REFERENCES.

Rev. Stephen Smith. Rev. Wm. Douglass,
Rev. Jacob C. White, Mr. [illegible]
Mr. Thos. J. Dorsey, Mr. Wm. Whipper.

April 1.-1y. [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

LETTER TO YOU. NO. 2.

March 22nd, 1860.

I am glad that winter is almost over—indeed I suppose the old tyrant has really abdicated his throne, but March, fickle, capricious, petulant March is such a worthy viceroy, and wields the forgotten scepter of the stern old Ice King with such sturdy energy, that I sometimes forget the pleasing fact that 'Spring has come.' But I'm longing for sunshine and showers and dancing leaves and fragrant flowers—for the springing grass (there's a *world of beauty in grass*,) to carpet with its loving green my daily paths, for the sweet songs of birds and the soft summer moonlight—and, may as well confess it, for some of my 'notes are of the realest kind'—for some of the golden fruit you had so much faith would fill the russet apron of Dame Autumn to overflowing last year.

Your faith was some like that of pet Rose, who, by the way, is no mythical child, born of a poet's brain, but a real genuine *earthly angel*, who sometimes cries, but looks far sweeter when by some mysterious mental transformation, her mourning is turned into joy, and a smile wreathes her lips while the tears are still falling, and an inner sunshine turns the April shower of infantile grief into sparkling drops of crystal and gold. She sat in thoughtful mood, quite still the other day, for the unprecedented space of five minutes! Evidently some grave question of baby lore was puzzling her little three year old brain, and when the solution came she gave her seniors full benefit of her investigations by soliloquising thus. 'I'm sure the Lord didn't send that frost to kill all the sweet apples I like so well, for *he would know better*.' Then after 'studying on dat ar', like good old philosophical uncle Tiff, she finished her queer reverie by gravely informing us that 'the frost came in *spite* of the Lord.' Poor speculative little thing, like older heads, she sometimes finds it difficult to reconcile the seeming mistakes in the natural world, the freaks of the wind and the weather, with the wisdom and greatness of the Creator, and yet nothing shakes this inborn faith that the All Father is infinitely wise and good.

But I was not going to detail any of her wise sayings, I was discussing the weather—that everlasting theme of conversation when there is nothing else to talk about—that introductory theme which sometimes prefaces long quiet chats with which it has no connection; that theme which furnishes *chronic fault finders* a perpetual subject of complaint and fruitless repinings, (wonder if they ever think they are finding fault with the Lord,) that invisible something which we call weather, which is sometimes more than an outward physical atmosphere, for often,

'The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air
Steal to the heart and make all summer there,'

or its cold, leaden gray pinions weigh our spirits down, and the fire in the hearth goes out, its very embers, one by one expire, and only 'ashes, signifying desolation,' are left. And I am tired of winter, tired of the pure cold splendor of its snow robes, the magnificence of its starry nights and frosty mornings—for some how *cold* is such a stern jailor; the old tyrant restrains and confines me far more than is consistent with my ideas of 'personal liberty'—there are no long rambles through the fields and the forest, or by the singing brook where the blue of the hidden violet seems stolen from the sapphire of the overhanging sky, *or its blues* of a blush can wear any other hue than that of the queenly rose—no twilight reveries as I watch the fading tints of day as they 'die like the dolphin in a sea of glory'—no delicious soul communings, with only the one who can read the new born thought before it is uttered, when only the silent stars look down upon us in holy sympathy—for to come back from the stars to this lowly mundane sphere—I've no relish for having my toes and my nose, (why not so as well as toes) nipped by the invisible meddling fingers of Jack Frost; so I huddle over the fire and like the drowsy caterpillar in his silken winding sheet, (a fashionable fellow, and about as useful as some other individuals of the same species who are shrouded in satin and entombed in marble, but whose order of development brings the butterfly stage first, and vice versa) 'Dream purple pictures of my future wings.' Not wings either; but of the sweet wooings of the April breeze, the irresistable invitations of the maiden May, that shall, so far as terrestrial locomotion is concerned, be wings to my feet, and bear me sometimes away from the darkened hands of care, and bathe my spirit in the sweet dreamy bliss of sunshine and forgetfulness—forgetfulness of the outward, of toil and its accompaniments, while through some hidden, and mysterious portal of the soul, there shall flow into my inner being, a new consciousness and a new life.

There is a *something akin to a resurrection* in the coming of Spring, and its influence upon the heart is scarcely less life giving than the caress of the May day sun upon the soil. A host of sweet fancies that we thought were buried years ago beneath the accumulated rubbish of this work day life, spring up within the hidden recesses of the heart, just as the wild flowers obey the creative impulse of the sun and the shower, and we feel a returning consciousness of youth born anew within us. Not indeed the wild sportive mirth of early childhood, that finds a fitting echo in childhood's ringing laughter; but a *silent, delicious sense of immortality*; a semi-prophecy of the endless Future, which is our birthright, a feeling that is far sweeter, far holier than mirth, albeit is mingled with a vague dreamy sadness and unrest, a wild longing for the presence of the loved and lost, whose hands long ago parted clasp from ours, and who are 'wandering in the distance still.' We know they are waiting our coming beyond the veil—we feel they are beckoning to us from the flowery hills of a land where Spring never relapses into winter, and sometimes when the earthly gains a mastery over the spiritual, we wonder why they come not back on their starry wings to gladden earth with their presence, and bring to those who loved, yea worshipped them, the sunshine of their pure and holy love.

Meaner things than man seem to have a resurrection, a second life here; myriads of gnats that swarm in a hand's breadth of sunbeam, seem to awaken from a dreamless slumber, and to flutter aimlessly awhile in the full enjoyment of that priceless boon a new life. Even now one solitary fly, my companion and tormentor, I dare say, during the sultry days of last August, is buzzing around my room in the ecstasy of what is to him a new life. Now he has sought my acquaintance by alighting on my paper, and the twisted rays of light that are reflected from the gauzy surface of his tiny wings show as many hues as the rainbow. He is sociable, too, and his monotonous buzz looks like a lowly element of harmony, but he imparts not to me the lightest hint of his whereabouts during his long absence, or of his sudden and mysterious return. And yet he has been dead, or seemed to be, and now rejoices in a renewal of his old powers. And of a spring evening, all the woods are vocal with the minstrelsy of myriads of reptiles that we spurn from our path; and they, too, are loudly rejoicing in what is, to them, a resurrection; and from the vast tomb of a dead vegetation, cometh up leaf, bud and blossom, gifted with conscious life and vitality, and each tiny flower-bed or spire of grass seem to

'Enjoy the air it breathes'

But man, the noblest work of God, for him Earth has no resurrection. Our friends, our loved ones, the cherished darlings of our homes, go forth alone and unattended on their viewless journey, and *they come not again*. They are free from the toil, the care, the disquietude, the sorrow and anguish of mortals; they have put off the burden of mortality, the fetter of clay, and can never wear its chains again. Earth, beautiful as the All-Father has made it, attracts them not in the new life in which they exultingly rejoice, and they loiter not among its fading bowers, its typical beauties, unless perchance upon some mission of love, they linger on viewless pinion to woo us away from the trifles with which we are so busy, and which are so vain.

May be, when we yield to the soft delicious influences of the spring time, and sometimes fancy that we *do* feel the first faint flutterings of our own hidden wings, and long to soar away from the petty cares that fetter us, and keep the upspringing spirit bound when we would be free, when we resolve to be better in word, thought and deed, to be something more than a self regulating machine for the performance of our daily labors, to do something worthy of life, and of our glorious destiny, instead of letting all that is best and purest within rust out in a forced inaction; may be this is but the pure promptings *they* bring us who were once with us in the flesh and still present in spirit to buoy us up on their angelic pinions into a higher atmosphere, and to exult with them in a 'newness of life,' even while we linger in this bright vestibule of the Unseen. May be they are angels unto whom "charge is given" to bear us up lest at any time our feet should dash against a stone.

'Are they not near when sorrow, unrepining,
Yield up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?'

Sweet is this inner consciousness of immortality—this dim, shadowy remembrance of an eternity behind, whose joys have been ours, and whose memories faintly linger within, and sometimes thrill us with strange mysterious power, as they come flooding back from some unknown source, vague, broken and fragmentary, yet bright and beautiful; and sweet still is the *strange something*, for which I have no name and can hardly describe—the full certainty of a *present life*, distinct and separate from the physique, of a life whose 'daily food' is not earthly and perishable, of wants and needs for which earth in her outward forms, can supply even, though her highest forms of beauty and grandeur seem gifted with a soul and are vocal with intelligence, and each leaf, bud and blossom presents no unmeaning page to our inner eye. And sometimes the veil seems so thin that hides the Unseen from our longing eyes, that through its gauzy curtains there shines into our souls a light immortal, and music that is not of earth holds the listening spirit entranced by its melody, and we know of a surety that we are silently walking upon the borders of the Unseen land, and that its mysteries are all around and within us and we exult in the glorious consciousness, that though suns and systems may pass away

'The soul immortal as its sire
Shall never know decay.'

CELESTIA R. COLBY.

A BARGAIN.

BY SARAH A. BOYCE.

[The following is taken from a beautiful volume entitled 'Poets of Vermont.']

Going! going! going!
Who bids for the mother's care?
Who bids for the blue eyed girl?
Her skin is fair, and her soft brown hair
Is guiltless of a curl!

The mother clasped her babe
With an arm that love made strong;
She heaved no sigh, but her burning eye
Told of the spirit's wrong.
She gazed on the heartless crowd,
But no pitying glance she saw,
For the crushing woe her soul must know
Was sanctioned by the law.

'Going! gentlemen! going!
The child is worth your bids;
Here's a bargain to be gained,—
This chubby thing will one day bring
A pile of yellow gold.'
'A dollar a pound,' cries a voice
Hoarsely from out the throng;
'*Two! Three! Five!*' is cried, and the hammer falls:

'Five dollars, gentlemen, gone!'
Five dollars a pound! and his hand,
Just stretched to grasp the child,
Is smitten aside by the giant might
Of the maniac mother wild.
One moment, and the loaded whip
Is poised above her head.
Then down, down it came on her helpless frame,
Like a crushing weight of lead.

With a tightening grasp on her kidnapped child
She falls to the cold, damp ground;
And the baby is laid on the scales and weighed,
And sold for five dollars a pound!
And the eye of the sun looks down
Undimmed on such scenes of sin;
And the freeman's tongue must be chained and dumb,
Though his spirit burn within.

O God! for a million tongues
To thunder Freedom's name,
And to utter a cry which should pierce the sky,
The indignant cry of shame!
Our Eagle's talons are red
With the reeking blood of the slave,
And he kindly flings his protecting wings
O'er the sight of Freedom's grave!
How long, O Lord! how long!
Awake in thy mercy and might,
And hasten the day which shall open the way
Of Truth, and Justice, and Right!

☞ There are some who write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either the one or the other.

From the N. Y. Post.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The bill to which we adverted while pending in the legislature, has now passed both Houses, and lacks only the Governor's signature to become a law. Its purpose is an eminently just and beneficent one—that of preventing the wife from being robbed of her earnings and property by the rapacity, neglect or misfortunes of her husband. It protects all married women, but the protection is of most essential consequence to poor women who have heretofore had the burden of maintaining themselves and their children thrown upon them, and were yet liable to have their hard earnings snatched by an idle or worthless husband from their grasp.

It will, perhaps, be looked upon by some as a dangerous innovation upon the old English Common Law, which merged the wife's property, and indeed her legal existence, in that of the husband. But it is not a novel experiment. It is the conclusion of a series of experiments, all of which have worked well, and which have marked the gradual progress from the traditions of feudal ages towards ideas more consonant with a more enlightened period. Although New York in this matter is in advance of her sister States, and of England, whence the main body of our legal usage is derived, we expect at no very distant day to see her example imitated in this as in other legal reforms.

The following is the law:

SECTION 1. The property, both real and personal, which any woman now owns as her sole and separate property which comes to her by descent, devise, bequest, gift or grant, that which she acquires by her trade business, labor or services, carried on or performed on her sole and separate account; that which a woman married in this state owns at the time of her marriage, and the rents, issues and proceeds of all such property shall, notwithstanding her marriage, be and remain her sole and separate property, and may be used, collected and invested by her in her own name, and shall not be subject to the interference or control of her husband, or liable for his debts, except such debts as may have been contracted for the support of herself or her children by her as his agent.

SEC. 2. A married woman may bargain, sell, assign and transfer her separate personal property, and carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, and the earnings of any married woman, from her trade, business, labor or services, shall be her sole and separate property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name.

SEC. 3. Any married woman possessed of real estate as her separate property, may bargain, sell and convey such property, and enter into any contract in reference to the same, but no such conveyance or contract shall be valid without the assent, in writing, of her husband, except as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 4. In case any married woman possessed of separate real property, as aforesaid, may desire to sell or convey the same, or to make any contract in relation thereto, and shall be unable to procure the assent of her husband, as in the preceding section provided, in consequence of his refusal, absence, insanity, or disability, such married woman may apply to the county court in the county where she shall at the time reside, for leave to make such sale, conveyance or contract, without the assent of her husband.

SEC. 5. Such application may be made by petition, verified by her, and setting forth the grounds of such application. If the husband be a resident of the county, and not under disability, from insanity or other cause, a copy of said petition shall be served upon him, with a notice of the time when the same will be presented to the said court, at least ten days before such application.—In all other cases, the county court to which such application shall be made, shall, in its discretion determine whether any notice shall be given, and, if any, the mode and manner of giving it.

SEC. 6. If it shall satisfactorily appear to such court, upon such application, that the husband of such applicant has wilfully abandoned his said wife, and lives separate and apart from her, or that he is insane, or imprisoned as a convict in any state prison, or that he is an habitual drunkard or that he was in any way disabled from making a contract or that he refuses to give his consent without good cause therefor, then such court shall cause an order to be entertained upon its records, authorizing such married woman to sell and convey her real estate, or contract in regard thereto, without the assent of her husband, with the same effect as though such conveyance or contract had been made with his assent.

SEC. 7. Any married woman may, while married, sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her property, which may be her sole and separate property, or which may hereafter come to her by descent, devise, bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, in the same manner as if she were sole. Any married woman may bring and maintain an action in her own name, for damages against any person or body corporate for any injury to her person and character, the same as if she were sole; and the money received upon the settlement of any such action, or recovered upon a judgement, shall be her sole and separate property.

SEC. 8. No bargain or contract made by any married woman in respect to her sole and separate property, or any property which may hereafter come to her by descent, devise, bequest or gift of any person except her husband, and no bargain or contract entered into by any married woman in or about the carrying on of any trade or business, under the statutes of this state, shall be binding upon her husband, or render him or his property in any way liable therefore.

SEC. 9. Every married woman is hereby constituted and declared to be the joint guardian of her children, with her husband, with equal powers, rights and duties in regard to them, with her husband.

SEC. 10. At the decease of husband or wife, leaving no minor child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess and enjoy a life-estate in one-third of all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized.

SEC. 11. At the decease of the husband or wife intestate, leaving child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess or enjoy all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized, and all the rents, issues and profits thereof, during the minority of the youngest child, and one-third thereof during his or her natural life.

☞ 'Boss, I want twenty-five cents,' said a jour printer to his employer.

'Twenty-five cents? How soon do you want it, Jake?'

'Next Tuesday.'

'So soon as that? You can't have it! I told you often that when you are in want of so large a sum of money, you must give at least four weeks notice.'

OUR FOREMOTHERS.

Some good natured wag, zealous for the honor of womanhood, has given utterance to the following tribute to his ancestry, on the female side. It is well done, and well worth the reading.

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well. But where are their companions, their 'chums' who, as their helpmates urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who almost involved themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to the babes—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers.

Who landed at James river, and came over in the Mayflower, and established the other early settlements? Were there not any women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors, especially, make a powerful talk about the Pilgrim Fathers, who squatted upon Plymouth, and there is a great ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves with crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion; and our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of William Penn, and his associates; but with all the blarny so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about our foremothers? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, didn't they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions?

Who ushered us into the world—our fore fathers? Bah! No, indeed, it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Ben Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other worthies whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our fore mothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody.

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm at the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said of our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.

We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the good Book tells us to 'render unto Cæsar,' etc. and we wish to speak a word in season for women, generally, and, especially, for our noble and self sacrificing foremothers, lest time and the one sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.

A WESTERN ART-CRITICISM.

A Correspondent of the Buffalo Courier narrates the following shrewd criticism passed by a rough Western man, on the Prairie Picture.

A few mornings ago, as I was standing admiring—as I confess myself quite fond of doing—that beautiful deer group, a tall unmistakably Western man came up behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I noticed at once the quick stoppage of breathing; but to my surprise, the stop was short, and something like a laugh quickly succeeded. Looking up I saw a yellow face overspreading with a smile, and there was a decided twinkle in the eye.

'Pshaw!' said he, 'that's no pictur, after all.—That aint no fair representation.'

'Why,' said I, 'that struck me as being a very good painting.'

'Maybe it's good enough for a *painting*,' said the Western man, 'I don't say anything agin that, but there never was no scene enacted like it,—Just look at that tall rice grass up there and then the fern weeds below—who ever saw them grow together? Why, the one grows on wet and the other on dry land. But that's pretty wet land he continued, 'and just see them deer's feet, how clean they be. They ought to be mud up to their knees; and at the gait they're going at, they'd be spotted with mud all over. I tell ye, when I went to that country first, the men skeered me sometimes driving their wagons on to a wet prairie, but they'd tell me it was all right; and sure enough, I would find a good bottom a foot down. Then the next thing I know'd they would be giving a pretty wide berth to a place that looked, at first sight, edzacktly like the other; and I soon found an easy way to tell was by the grasses.'

'If any o'ye know that painter chap,' said the unconsciously keen critic, as he prepared to move off, 'jest tell him—but it's no use,' he said lowering his voice, 'that's a good enough city pictur!'

SMALL CREATURES.—Among the papers published in costly style, by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one of the microscopic plants and animals, which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called the 'itch,' is illustrated by an engraving about half an inch in diameter, which shows out only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic Telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up a mud which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that, on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discerned to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had been the abode of a living animal. These have been sinking down through the water to the bottom, and no doubt form, in the course of ages, an extensive range of either silicious or limestone rock. The process is similar to the one by which stratified rocks were formed in ancient geologic periods.

A FUNNY MESSAGE.—The following message was handed into the telegraph office 'once on a time:'—'To ——. Third Epistle of John, 13th and 14th verse. Signed ——.' By reference to the text, it will be seen that there is quite a respectable letter contained in the verses designated, and a small amount of money saved, viz:—'I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee. But I trust I shall shortly see thee and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name.'

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